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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

A MISCELLANY OF

CATHOLIC KNOWLEDGE AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOL. X.

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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. X.—NOVEMBER, 1875.—No. 55.

LEAVES FROM A MONASTIC CHRONICLE.

INTRODUCTION.

"A less drear ruin then than now."—SHELLEY.

MANY years ago, owing to a series of great family afflictions, I left my wrecked home and native land in the desperate hope of finding oblivion and consolation in new scenes. I had exhausted all the resources of my own philosophy, and the small, cold strata of religious faith that had been incorporated in my education, proved too hard and cold to lift up the heart when, in anguish of soul, I strove to gather some one of its promised beneficent consolations. No Pharos then appeared amid the darkened clouds to guide me to a safer haven. Still, I knew that God was somewhere amid the darkness, and perhaps would have pity, and show himself on another Sinai or Horeb some day even to me. . . . Change and action seemed to be the only resource for such a state; so, scattering my household gods, I turned my steps toward other lands. Ignoring the usual route, I started at once for the great, the mystic Orient, because everything there, even to faces and tongues, would prove new and strange to me.

Could I then, by traversing those ancient deserts, have found the hermitage, which, in the early ages, resounded with the prayers and psalms of the anchorets, gladly would I have ended the search and pilgrimage in these vast solitudes. But my greatest charm and consolation lay amid the marvellous ruins of those classic lands. Thebes, Balbec, and all the lesser monuments of buried ages, breathed like their own Memnon, a diapason of soft, soothing tones that beat in perfect harmony with feelings that knew neither present or future, but, like those vast plains, held only a ruined past.

Those wondrous plains of Thebes! Even yet I see them peopled by those colossal effigies that stand the faithful sentinels of centuries, and the representatives of a nation that

can never know oblivion, so long as these attestations of genius and power can thus hold the destroying hand of time at bay. Sad, silent voices, the sole testimony of a race that once governed a world and grasped all grandeur and might, "when Greece and Rome were but the desert abode of barbarians!" (Belzoni.) The whole bent of my mind now ran on subjects suggested by these scenes; so, relinquishing all literature that heretofore had afforded me most pleasure, I hunted in old libraries for the most antiquated and mouldy tomes. In one of these researches, in the city of Cairo, I came across, in an English gentleman's library, *Thorn's Chronicles of the Abbey of St. Augustine's in Canterbury*, and though I felt that every word therein must breathe the glow of papistical enthusiasm, still for me it was a link in that enchanting past on which all my fancies were now bent. So I carried the book home, and read with avidity its quaint and what at all times would have proved its almost unintelligible pages, were it not for my patience in deciphering those old Anglo-Saxon hieroglyphics. A perfect fascination now possessed me to know more of the lives of those solitary votaries, who, in that early day, united so much wisdom with simplicity, so much self-denial with fastidiousness, so much tender pity for the sufferings of humanity; crowning all, by a living, active faith and interior piety, during an age, too, when the contest was still fiercely raging between Paganism and Christianity. Next I sought for the fountain-head of this monastic lore in the pure-hearted and intellectual laborer, Venerable Bede, the monk, of whom it is related that he dictated to an amanuensis, and completed a work on the very day of his death. After him, I exhausted the pages of *Simeon of Durham* and *Matthew of Westminster*. But of all these literary wonders the *Chronicles of Jocelin of Brakeland* (published by the Camden Society, London)—thanks to the vigorous and spirited translation of Mr. Carlyle from the original Latin—afforded almost the deepest interest. How the past looms up before one out of the deeps of these ancient tomes! What a race of men, of mysteries of faith and life, take form again! To us even a hundred years seem a chasm almost impossible to bridge, yet, in listening to these old voices, beam and arch are again fitted into position, and the great sea of centuries is spanned! It appears but a rim of the horizon, whose dazzling sundown has been only made invisible because of our own dimmed vision. Not even the stream of Lethe, with its rushing, devastating waters of seven hundred years, has had power to destroy the strong humanity and brotherhood that flows so naturally from the pen of the dead Jocelin. This "antique figure-head" in a monk's cowl, proves himself a man like unto ourselves, as he prattles of his own day; and while we acknowledge the simplicity of the man, to whom God and his work held the first place, we are also struck by his force of spirit and quiet observance of human nature. To this he united a profound knowledge of the Scripture, and of those classical studies that formed a part of all cloistered learning in those *ci-devant* dark ages. Under the light of the picture he has drawn, the old monastery of Saint Edmondsbury rises from its ruins, and the grim, ivied walls echo the voices of the long departed. How seldom the present dissenters of the town ever dream of the dead monks to whom its existence is due. In lieu of the uplifted faith, works of charity, and prayers, we find now in those walks where matins and lauds were once chanted, where mitred abbots once escorted kingly retinues, or followed the dead with *de profundis* to the last home, the practical, utilizing beneficence of a botanical garden.

Thus fall "the heaven's watch-towers of our fathers," says Carlyle; yes, and from the ruins spring spinning mills and railroads; noisy, greedy Vulcan drives out, with flail and firebrand, contemplation's holy calm and all the altar's lights. "Religion lies over these ages like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life-element, which is not spoken of, which in all things is presupposed without speech." (Carlyle.) Looming, massive, and grand, in this *genre* picture of the monk Jocelin, rises the athletic figure and iron character of the abbot Sampson. Even now, looking back upon the men who have left their signet upon history, yet seven hundred years fails to eclipse the grand mental and moral proportions of this old mitred Titan, cowled monk though he be. In those days the dignity of an abbot was endowed with sovereign privileges. Mitred peer of Parliament, lord of manor, houses, farms, and extensive lands, these were among his rights. Fifty knights were under his rule, to take up arms in holy cause, as in the Crusades, or to lay them down at his bidding in private quarrels. All this fell, we might say, knowing his antecedents, upon the poor monk Sampson almost miraculously. Not often is it (says Carlyle) that "the electoral winnowing machine hits so accurately upon worth and truth." Rather far would the victor have lived and died in the Scriptorium among his loved books and parchments; but he was called to higher work, and proved himself equal to all demands. Lawyer, bailiff, preacher, judge, director, each in turn, challenged his time and talents, and never found him inadequate to the responsibility. But it is the force, the granite purpose, and withal the undemonstrative tenderness and justice that gives such a glow to this figure-head, looking at us from out the twelfth century. Patient over his own personal wrongs, but striking like lightning for another's rights; practicing upon himself the abstemiousness of an anchoret, but bestowing the hospitality of a king upon the poorest wayfarer. To govern seemed his birthright; all its manifold perplexing phases came as intuitively to him as does color to the artist. Self-conquest had taught him the secret of ruling, and an abhorrence of all spiritual, moral, and physical pusillanimity filled the measure of his power. For eulogy upon this great loyal heart, let us hear Carlyle, who loves the rust of the old ages better far than the golden progress of the nineteenth century; who admires the mail-clad warriors, either mitred or sceptred, dealing hard blows for truth and right against all corruption, better far than the eloquent cant that gilds and enshrines the "isms" of to-day: "The great antique heart, how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands upon the earth, making all the earth a mystic temple to him; the earth's business all a kind of worship; glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover, doing God's messages among men; that rainbow was set in the clouds by the hand of God! Wonder, miracle, encompass the man; he lives in an element of miracles; heaven's splendor over his head, hell's darkness under his feet." (*Past and Present.*) One of the most striking features of these antique chronicles is the native humanity that glints through every line of the time-worn pages. To find ourselves so completely *en rapport* as to be able to shake hands over the great chasm of time, upon the plane of all the weaknesses, follies, and sorrows common to human nature appears almost mythical. The mere fact of one choosing a life of religious asceticism, seems to invest him with some supernatural power above and beyond those who stand outside the *grille*. But even in these

monastic walls we see the old, old strife in hopes and fears, pain and weariness, still waging battle—the angel and the demon ever in contest. Reality challenges mysticism, and the carnal wrestles with the spiritual to the end of time. Let us, if we can, looking through the mist of centuries, measure the meed of those, who heroically lay down with holy violence at the foot of the cross all yearnings of the flesh, and thus all unloving and contemned in poverty and fasting, in weary watches and waitings, through trial and tribulation, look ever upward for the opening of the jasper gates from Calvary's mount.

In closing these pages, and bidding adieu to the faithful Jocelin and the brave, noble abbot Sampson, I realized how far richer was my harvest than I dreamed possible, when first starting over these fields. Dawnings of faith that held all possible consolations here and hope for hereafter, budded in my soul. For the first time, I realized the glow of feeling that had inspired Sir Humphrey Davy's beautiful tribute, when he proclaims that through religion alone he found the consolation that the *philosopher* had vainly sought in travel. "It is in misfortune, in sickness, in age (he writes), that its effects are most truly and beneficially felt. . . . Then religion creates powers which were believed to be extinct, and gives a freshness to the mind, which was supposed to have passed away forever, but which is now renovated in immortal hope."

I followed with avidity those revelations, even as I wondered at the self-sacrifice and devotion that characterized the spirit of those Anglo-Saxon women in the pursuit of what they believed to be their heavenly calling. Queen Elfleda, fleeing from the husband to whom she had been forcibly wedded, in violation of her vow of virginity, the young and lovely royal princess Bega, forgetting the weakness and timidity of her sex, when to preserve her vow inviolate, she fearlessly launches a small craft on the ocean, and all alone commits herself in full trust to a heavenly helmsman. Friedeswida, who subsequently became the foundress of the celebrated school of Oxford rather than break her vow, takes refuge in a dense forest, where wild swine alone were sheltered. Can heroism show a braver contest and victory than this? Leaving Syria, I was desirous of traversing the former homes of these buried saints, which even in ruin attest by their beauty the faith and love that went up from these fanes to the throne of God, amid the suffering of unmerited persecution, and the throes and convulsions of fallen dynasties. In Italy, the earnestness and fervor of the primitive recluse was still to be found in the multitudinous religious houses, which at that time at least gave evidence of the vitality of the old faith. In Germany, also, could still be traced, even through the desolating work of schism, the sacrilege of iconoclasm, and the rapine and desolation of innumerable wars, those monuments of faith which, introduced by Saint Boniface in the ninth century, amid a barbarous nation and the wilds of the primeval forest, yet ultimately proved the guiding star to that exalted grade of civilization, that can spring from religion alone. But it was sad to linger long in a land, where at every turn you found the old vitality dead, and all the glorious records and associations that vibrate to the name and deeds of Pepin and Charlemagne, of Otho and Conrad, blighted by the legitimate fruit of infidelity and licentiousness. France held out a fairer promise of research amid the old milestones of mediæval structures and records. It was to the Galla-Franks under Bertha, the first Christian queen of the Anglo-Saxons, that they owe their primal knowledge of monasticism. What volumes of hidden joys and woes, once bound in

human hearts, lie buried in the cells and walls of the old abbey of Farmontier, from the days when the abbess Burgundofarro, Baroness of Burgundy, held royal sway over a colony of lovely young Anglo-Saxon maidens of rank, even down to the seventeenth century, when its halls became the favored retreat of the French nobility. The monastery of Chelles, also, in those days, ranked in popularity and success with Farmontier, and divided the honors among the Anglo-Saxon *élève*. There are so many moving historic associations connected with the names of Clairvaux, Citeaux, and the Paraclete, that no individual experience of these first impressions could add to their renown. A vision arose, as we stood in the old halls, of that noble cavalcade of twenty young men, with the angelic Bernard for leader, who were all eager to doff the insignia of rank for the monk's cowl and lonely cell, and only a misty vapor seemed to veil the past from the present. Rich as are all the associations of these fanes, in classic erudition, illuminated art, and ascetic sanctity, two names above all else have stamped with renown these crumbling relics of the past. The name of Abelard and Heloise live as representatives of the powers of religion, to elevate and sanctify human affection. And here let me observe that in all researches into these hidden lives, no point appears more strikingly touching than the preservation through all asceticism of that attribute of love, which forms the first and strongest link between God and his creatures. Love, human love reigned and was fostered in the heart of these virgin brides; the nearer they drew to God, the farther they separated from the vanities of the outer world, so much the more tenaciously did they cherish those ties, which, germinating in nature, were now hallowed by religion, though above all else were kept in subordination to that supreme love which is due to God alone. Montalembert, in his *Monks of the West*, gives many touching episodes, illustrating this fact, in cases of special devotion between women in the same convents; a devotion that reads much more like romance than reality, and which serves to prove that so long as the material and spiritual elements of being commingle, so, too, must love, grief, and joy be essentially incorporated as a need of every human heart. Neither were these emotions confined to their own cloisters, but they went forth in blessings of prayer and affection to their bishops and friends of other orders. Intermingled with the "pedantry and verbiage" in the voluminous tomes of *Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury*, there still flows a refreshing and elevating simplicity in his expressions of affectionate interest, as evidenced in his correspondence with the nuns of distant cloisters. The correspondence maintained between Saint Boniface, after he went to Germany, and the Anglo-Saxon nuns, to whom he had been so long both father and friend, also gives the most impressive and touching evidence of the depth and purity of affection that may legitimately exist through religion between those of opposite sex. Strong as appear some of the expressions, yet no pure mind can read those "voices of the soul" that come to us from out the dim shadows of past centuries, without feeling how deep and essential to all life is the immortal vitality of the affections. "It would be singular," says the learned ascetic, Père Lacordaire, "if Christianity, founded on the love of God and men, should end in withering up the soul, in respect to everything which was not God." Truly we pity those who, like a recent writer in the *Galaxy*, can perceive only the lowest grade of carnal love in the sacred friendship and affection that united the souls of Jerome and Paula, of Francis Assysium and Clare, of

Francis de Sales and Madame de Chantal. One must be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of religion to comprehend its mysteries.

The basis and golden rivet of such affections was Christ, but so long as the mere earthiness of love can alone be comprehended, we need not wonder that the higher mystical essence can claim no loftier attribute in the mind of the materialist than that of "a passion half smothered in the superstition of a creed."

Amid these restless wanderings from cell to shrine, I learned that at a certain monastery of the order of La Trappe could be found accommodations prepared for such worldlings, who longed to shut out the world, and hold communion for a time with the spirit only. The austerity and asceticism of this order were so rigid that only those who can believe in the perpetuity that dwells in a divine mission could realize that an uninterrupted succession of such votaries still keep those cold, comfortless walls glowing with the fervor of love, prayer, and the most heroic self-abnegation, and this too, in different parts of the world, throughout the changes and strife of centuries. Never did extremes more bravely meet than between the easy, courtier life of the founder, and the rigid rules of self-annihilation that he originated for this order of La Trappe. In this, surely, he found some expiation for the dissipations so contrary to the dignity and vows of a cleric, but which were then only too common among the retainers of the licentious court of Louis XIV.

In the flower of his life (he was but thirty),

JOHN LE BOUTHELIER DE RANCE,

voluntarily renounced all the pleasures of the court and the world. He sold his paternal estates, resigned three abbeys and two priories, and distributed the proceeds among the poor, reserving only for himself the abbey of La Trappe. Within its walls he assumed the habit of the Cistercian, and after being appointed abbot in 1664, he thoroughly reformed the order, and restored it (according to Butler) to the primitive austerity that had distinguished it under the rule of Saint Bernard and Saint Benedict. The most momentous eras in the lives of nations or individuals often have their source in some seemingly trifling incident. But God chooses small means to work great results; thus the flickering light of a little taper changed the whole current of De Rancé's life.

Few men in that day stood free from the servitude of some fair Omphale. De Rancé possessed one among the court beauties, who engaged the fullest strength of his love. To be ever near her, or to gaze even at a distance, formed the main charm of his life. At one time being obliged to leave the court circle on business for a short period, it was agreed between them, when the time for his return drew near, that his fair Guinevere should place a lamp burning in the window of a tower that communicated by a private staircase with her apartments in the palace. It happened, however, a few days after his departure, that this beautiful siren was prostrated by the small-pox; that fearful disease so prevalent and fatal at that epoch. So great was the panic among her friends, that all, save one faithful attendant, deserted her. But feeling anxious to learn the progress of the disease, it was agreed among them that in the event of a fatal termination, a signal light should be placed in one of the windows of her chamber. By a singular coincidence or providence, when the lady died, the old nurse innocently placed the lamp of death in the same niche that had been destined for the light of love alone. It happened that De Rancé returned that very night, and wild with passionate longing to see again the idol from whom he had been so

long separated, he rode at once to the garden, and beheld with a throb of delight the promised beacon. Making his way uninterruptedly, he mounted the stairs, but was somewhat surprised to see the doors of her *suite* of chambers all standing open, and he was struck with the air of desertion and carelessness that met him on every side. Still, the promised light had summoned him, and was she not ever true? So, quelling his doubts, he proceeded, until coming to the bed-chamber of his love, he stood on the threshold, and called, once, twice, thrice, her name. But neither sound nor motion greeted him in response, and the velvet drapery of her couch was drawn closely together. A sudden pang, a nameless dread of some spectre-presence seized upon him, and rushing over to the bed's side, and raising with cold trembling hands the heavy drapery, his gaze fell, not upon the lovely and beautiful form of his adored mistress, but a black, bloated, shapeless face was before him. Nothing but the golden maze of her splendid hair, as it flowed in rich wavy masses over the pillow, remained to tell him that this hideous, appalling semblance was all that remained of his earthly idol. Thus, through suffering and sorrow, came to this man a regenerated heart; through this baptism he learned the lesson that began when, from out of Eden, the sorrowing pair took "their solitary way." God wanted him; he heard the call, and looking neither backward or forward, followed whither it led.

But to return to my mission. The place sought was found, it matters not where, for it suits me just now to follow the example of Jean Paul Richter, and ignore all geographical distinctions. A wing of the building connected with the chapel was assigned to the visitors; a frugal, but comfortable, table was furnished and attended by one of the brothers. No charge was made, but every visitor left a gratuitous donation. A large room, wainscoted, and ceiled with rich Gothic carvings, with a centre pendant of the Holy Spirit, and a niche at either end, holding a stone carving of our Saviour on the Mount in one, and a life-sized Madonna and Child in the other, formed the architectural adornments of our apartment. For furniture, there were primitive shelves, carved years and years before by some member of the order, and now filled with an excellent assortment of books in all languages, and many valuable MSS., some of which had been rescued from the cellars of the deserted and denuded monasteries of Mount Athos. Many of the books were of priceless value for their rare illuminations, workmanship, and antiquity. Two oil paintings of great merit hung beneath the niches. One of these, a monastic ruin, from the first glance possessed me with an influence that I could never throw off. I felt, as I studied the details of the design, that the heart of the artist was therein entombed, and that a life-history lay hidden in every line and tint of the canvas. A few straight-back chairs and a table in the centre of the room completed its adornment. Here it was that the reverend abbot, a man of rare endowments and exceptional force of character, came three times a day to conduct the *retreat* for the six wayfarers who had come to this refuge in search of consolation. His large knowledge of the world, his logical deductions and conclusions regarding all important events connected with Church or State, seemed more like intuition than the result of study or observation. He had held his present post through successive elections for forty years, and though an old man, yet bore all the marks of middle age only. You thought of the Prophet Elias, as you looked into his serene, grand face; or of the royal bearing of Saul, as he entered or left the room. After our retreat was closed, and on the last

day of our happy sojourn, I was standing, as was my daily custom, before my favorite picture, when the reverend abbot entered the room. "You seem so deeply interested, my child," he said, "in that painting, that I think the life of the author might afford you profitable instruction. Our rules require that each member of our order shall write his own biography, recording the various phases of experience through which he passed while in the world, and during his monastic life. These chronicles now exist from the foundation of the monastery to the present time. The life to which I now call your attention stands by itself, even in a history wherein truth is proved to be more marvellous than fiction."

He left the room, but soon returned with a large folio, which was marked on the back in large German text, with the title and date of the year to which its record belonged. Laying it on the table he turned the leaves slowly, and his face assumed a sad expression as if some painful memory possessed him; then pointing to a page in the middle of the book, I read in beautifully executed, illuminated letters, this caption:

THE LIFE OF ARMAND FRANCOIS DE LA PLACE.

I CANNOT reproduce literally the first era in this biography. Suffice it to say that it was the *naïve* record of a life that had known only the innocent incidents natural to youth. It was the outpouring of a soul that, like the young Samuel, seemed to have listened and obeyed only the voice of God, for through every word and thought rang the tone of an *exultamus Deo.* After following several pages in this strain, there came, under a certain date, a sudden change of tone, as some sad memory or painful longing might awake in a joyous heart; next a discordant strain followed, until at length all the former harmony appeared to have died out of this bright life. A foreboding silence, epitomized by a long blank page followed. Turning the leaf, a drawing in crayon then appeared. It might have been intended for the chaos that typified the deluge. A black, lurid sky, through which the forked lightning played, casting its flashes upon a wide waste of water that broke in angry surges over a rocky bed. No sign of life or of land was visible; only in closely studying the sketch, for it riveted every faculty, you at last discovered one diminutive rift in the angry heavens, and through this there gleamed faintly a single star. No written poem could have rendered the allegorical lesson more graphic than did the genius that created this impressive sketch; and I felt intuitively that it was a symbol connected in some way with the chronicle that had ended so abruptly. With eagerness I read the pages that followed. By a special privilege I was allowed to copy them, with the understanding that they should be held sacred and inviolable, until certain events and conditions should be accomplished. That time has long since past, so I am free, and thus translate from the original.

CONTINUATION OF THE CHRONICLE.

"Libera me Domine, de morte æterna, in die illa tremenda."

THROUGH pride and ambition, Lucifer and his cohorts lost heaven; through a kindred spirit of discontent and rebellion an unfortunate man left an earthly paradise for a wilderness of tares. Thus whispered the voice of the tempter: "Why dost thou bury thy beauty and thy gifts in this desert? God has bestowed upon thee rare talents. Thou art hiding thy light under a bushel, instead of letting its effulgence shine for the benefit of thy fellow-beings. Thou canst make no progress in thy heaven-born art within these gloomy walls. Go forth then, and develop those powers that were given thee to increase a hundredfold. Hitherto

they have been buried in a napkin, and what answer wilt thou make when thy account is required of thee? Bright and glorious are the gifts awaiting thy youthful grasp. Leave thy nest, try thy wings, and go forth to the harvest that awaits thee."

Taken to the cloister when a boy of six years, by a father whose heart, under the pressure of deep affliction, craved solitary communion with God, Armand Francois de la Place had thus grown up like the young Bede, under the weird, ecstatic influence that dwelt in every niche, architrave, and moulding of those prayer-tinted stones. Alas! that instead of earning, like his boy-predecessor, eternal reverence and renown, the title of *recreant* must forever stamp his name. True, he was not bound by an irreclaimable vow when the voice of the tempter was first heard. True, an indulgent, though holy father understood the contest that had its spring in a singularly sensitive and ardent nature, through which it yearned for sympathy and companionship congenial to his own youth. The hum of the great world, as if his ears had just been opened, suddenly sounded like sweetest music, and its field of action threw wide its gates, beckoning him thither, to find on its great plateau knowledge and power. Earth with its delights was near and certain. Heaven with its promises afar off, and only to be reached by vigil and prayer. Thus, in his own state, was verified the words of the prophet: "Instead of regarding me, when I instructed them in the morning, they refused to listen to me and receive wisdom." (Jer. 52: 43.) The man who seeks new and false gods, and looks alone to himself for guidance, but too readily interprets the instincts of his vanity or affections for the voice of conscience. "Behold the rebels to light," says Job, "they no longer follow the ways of the Lord."

Heretofore Armand's life had realized perfect peace. His nature was one that had found its deepest response in the quietude of his cell, and the pursuit of study, music, and painting developed these charms, like twin sisters, in his boyish years; and as his attainments grew they filled his soul with perennial joy. He wanted no better companionship than the keys of the chapel organ, or the pallet and brush of the Scriptorium.

As boyhood merged into manhood's riper sphere, the choice of seeking a wider plain for his future was freely offered. But then he could imagine nothing brighter than the dim corridors through which his baby feet had chased the sunbeams, or nothing more enchanting than the Gothic chapel, with its flower-crowned altar sparkling with light. When a child, he had often followed the brotherhood to that door and listened with wild delight to the choral chant of the office, longing for the day to come when he, too, might blend his voice in the matins and lauds with theirs. Alas for the fatuity of youth and the evanescence of its dreams! How often possession palls into satiety, and the dawning grace of a heavenly vocation is paralyzed by the ebb and flow of uncurbed emotions.

"God forbid," said the holy father of Armand, "that I should force or constrain your will. Only a cheerful giver earns a benison. The spirits are many that call. Whether you are now led by the good or evil voice, may God give you grace to discern. The hearts of those who have found peace here have palpitated under the throes of deepest anguish. The feet of those who find rest, have sought it over the rocks and thorns of crooked paths. For you, my son, thus far only sunny days have beamed and wayside flowers bloomed. 'Wisdom hath built herself a nest;' and I had believed that it was under these old eaves, even for you. God chooses his own ways to teach the doubting; but remember that the devil also is an ingenious and specious advocate, often robing evil deeds in the garb

of holiness. Go forth then, my son, and prove your calling, whether it be from above or below; for if you are faithful to God he will direct you in the safe way, and through whatever betides, remember that the door of your old home of peace ever stands open, and the heart of your father keeps a place for either the weary or repentant child—the child, alas, that still holds him down to earth."

After these admonitions, he gave to Armand certain papers that entitled him to a small patrimony from his mother's estate. "The world and the flesh," said the abbot, "require these carnal weapons. Use them, then, my son, without abuse; and above all, never forget the glorious talents that have been intrusted to thee. Guard them so sacredly that they may never be turned to sting thy own soul."

The diligence took Armand twenty miles on his way to the great city that evening. Farther he might have gone, but as the old landmarks receded from his view he felt that the hour of real conflict had struck. "Go back ere too late," cried one voice; "go on to fortune and joy," cried the other. "The hand has been lifted, the plough abandoned, new furrows can only now be turned in newer fields. It is cowardice to look back with these sad longings. The brave man finds home and work everywhere. Though the gates of Eden may be closed, yet the world is wide and its paths are many."

ERA SECOND.

"My days have passed away, my thoughts are dissipated, tormenting my heart. If I wait, hell is my house, and I have made my bed in darkness." (Job 10: 2.)

"Good morning, reverend father. I have called to offer my services as tenor singer in your choir, and also to crave permission to practice on the organ when the church is closed."

"So, Monsieur, it seems that you have discovered our deficiency; but one without much musical knowledge might do that," replied Father F. "A fine tenor is about as hard to keep in a choir as a moth from a candle. The first thing you know, he sees or hears of the dazzling lights of the opera house, and off he goes, leaving God's praises to be silent or sung by some old nasal drone, that is an insult to his house. It would be far better, I think, to stop the choir and go back to the old Gregorian, than distract people's souls with such discord."

"I agree perfectly with you, sir. Art is like God, eternal, and its perversion dangerous; but you must judge for yourself under which phase my claim comes." Going to the door that led into the sacristy, without ceremony Armand took his way through the sanctuary up to the choir. Playing a voluntary, he glided into the *Incarnatus* of Palestrina, and followed with a cantique of Cherubini.

"You are a true son of St. Cecilia," said Father F., as he pressed his shoulder with evident delight. "Now, Deo gratias, our Easter mass will not insult the good God nor disgrace ourselves, and Madame du Deffand will rejoice in her new *confrère*."

"May I ask, sir, who the lady is? I am a stranger here, and don't know one name or face from another."

"*Ma foi!* You ask a wide question, my son, for Madame's *repertoire* of qualities is both varied and numerous. Enough, to know that she is a renowned beauty, a *belle-esprit*, a queen in her own *salon*, and withal, a finished musician, On *fête* days only she honors us, for her heart is more centred in her clique than in the Church; but by and by that may change. There are always Olympias on the threshold if we could but see them. But don't take it amiss, my son, if I warn you to beware of her charms. You are young, and I should judge, inexperienced in the ways of the world. This lady has the reputation of being a siren, equal to any that ever sang in Calypso's isle; rather a heathenish simile, I see, you think for a cleric to make, but let it

go," and Father F. laughed at his own blunder.

"I think my awkwardness will prove a sufficient shield," said Armand. "A court beauty and favorite will not likely give a thought to a nameless wanderer."

Thus freely Father F. chatted with the young man, until each felt well acquainted with the other. Armand was reticent as to his antecedents; for his old home was still to him the shrine where lay hallowed his most sacred thoughts and memories. After leaving the curé, he found his mind filled with the picture of the lady of whom Father F. had spoken so cautiously. The name was a familiar one; but as he had no acquaintances, he concluded that he must have met with it in his recent readings of light literature. Madame du Deffand? Ah, yes! He has found her now. A beauty, a *belle-esprit*, and a siren too. Strange the similarity in name and character between two women, separated too by more than a century. The historic character was she, who when old and blind, had power to captivate even then the cold selfish heart of the Englishman, Horace Walpole; she too was the woman who strove to revive in her own *salon* the talent and *prestige* of the gifted Marquise de Rambouillet, and her worthy successors. But Madame du Deffand really belonged more emphatically to that later period when such questionable women as Ninon de l'Enclos and Madame de Tencin wielded the sceptre of *salon* sovereignty.

As Armand soliloquized on this coincidence of name and position, he wondered if in this age the modern representative could by any possibility repeat the vagaries and immoralities of the past. He had found occupation in the studio of the celebrated artist Bouvier, and studied with persevering industry. His leisure hours he devoted to such literature as could instruct him where ignorant, or give him an insight of that great world which still overpowered him by its extent, its traffic, and the roar of its ceaseless motion. The next Sunday Armand took his place in the choir, sang the tenor score in Haydn's Mass in E, and also the offertory anthem. A sensation among the congregation was apparent even to him. Many, other than devout, went to the church when it was reported that a new voice had been engaged. Alas, that the praise of God is not sufficient to absorb the mind to the exclusion of earthly vanity! Yet he who thus admonishes others was himself overcome by sensations new and delightful to his soul. No longer was the sucurity of his own conscience or the sense of God's approval sufficient for him. His heart had sought vanity, and he soon learned that "they who love the danger shall perish in it." *Sursum corda, habemus ad Dominum;* and behold, there glided gracefully, noiselessly into the front seat such a vision of beauty as one eye at least had never before rested upon. In vain Armand tried to recover his senses and follow the soft moving diapason of the chant of the *Vere dignum;* but the replacing of a fallen glacier would have seemed to him at that moment as easy as the return of his former quietude of spirit. In vain he strove to withdraw his eyes, his thoughts; in vain he recalled the warning of St. Clement of Alexandria, that "the look of a woman is the most violent temptation to sin." In vain, too, he remembered the example of St. Hugh, bishop of Grenoble, of whom it is asserted, that he knew by sight only one woman of his large flock, and she was decrepit and old. Like David, he could admonish, "Turn away thine eyes, lest they see vanity," and like him too, fall into the snare. "*Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi,*" with soft flute obligato, swelled in clear liquid notes, and drew him once more; he felt nearer to heaven. Male voices in perfection Armand had en-

joyed all his life, and the daily chant of the brotherhood in his old home had filled the measure of his idea of melodious harmony.

But in this ravishing soprano a new revelation dawned, and a new sense was opened. As the last adagio *peccata mundi* thrilled through the dead silence, he riveted his eyes upon this magic interpreter of Mozart's gem, whilst every sense palpitated in ecstasy. With this glance the great epoch in his emotional nature was reached, and alas! the doors of his old life, his *quies*, closed forever. One quick flash of lightning can shiver the strongest oak, one blast of a furnace fuse the hardest iron; so too may one glance of an eye, one tone of a voice, break or mould the future of a man's destiny.

A rehearsal was called for the Easter Mass. Armand had not seen the object of his dreams for three weeks; but he lost this opportunity of self-conquest. Only occasionally she honored the choir, and in the interval his most earnest search had failed to find her either at mass or vespers. Clearly she was no devotee. Would she deign to join the regular members at the rehearsal, she, who was like Aphrodite, so far above them all? Yes, she was there. At the close of the rehearsal she spoke a few words to the leader, and Armand's heart throbbed tumultuously as he saw the two approach him. "Mons. de la Place, Mdme. du Deffand desires the honor of your acquaintance." *Mon Dieu!* what condescension, what honor for the young novice! "Madame is too amiable," responded Armand, with a low bow. "Such gifts as you possess, sir," said the lady, "have ever commanded the notice and applause even of royalty. Mons. B—— proposes a duet for the offertory on Easter Sunday; if you will favor me with a visit to Rue de la C—— to-morrow at 2 P.M., we may be able to decide upon a selection from my *repertoire*."

Armand could only bow his thanks and acceptance of this unlooked-for privilege. But after reflecting upon this prospect, he was possessed with a variety of contending emotions. How could he, who had never entered a lady's *salon*, who was ignorant of all the etiquette and nameless graces that are deemed essential by the *haut ton*, conduct himself? How should he dress? What must he say? How deport himself generally? But a few moments of quiet reflection settled all these anxious fears. No tutelage, no adjunct of meretricious adornment, could fill the place of good blood, or surpass the action that springs from the grace of intuitive refinement. Gentle blood, if not noble, came to him through both father and mother. The self-reliance of the man asserted itself, and remembering Molière, he entered Madame's *salon* at the time appointed, perfect master of himself. Nothing could exceed the suavity of her reception. With true womanly tact she divined his timidity, and placed him at once at perfect ease. Together they looked over the music, here and there stopping to try something that struck the fancy of either. Finally the choice settled upon a duet from the Messiah.

It suited the sympathetic mellowness of Armand's voice, and the bell-like tone of Madame's; while together they blended like the harp and voice of David. "We must go over it another time," said the lady, as he rose to take his leave. "I shall put your name on my reception list, and will hope to see you on every Tuesday evening that you find yourself disengaged."

"As they have been free heretofore, my time henceforth is at Madame's service," and he bowed his *au revoir*.

ERA THIRD.

"I have found a woman more bitter than death, who is the hunter's snare, and her heart is a net, and her hands are bands. He that pleaseth God, shall escape from her; but he that is a sinner, shall be caught by her." (Ecclesiastics 7 : 27.)

THE talent, the wit, the genius of

the day were represented in the company that crowded the *salon* of Madame du Deffand. Neither was a strong political element absent. The royalist, ready to give his blood to save and perpetuate the throne of the Bourbon, the fiery republican, eager to build liberty and equality upon its ruins, and the *sans culotte*, who wanted neither government, morality, nor religion, all found voice therein. Madame moved amid this throng like a Zenobia, captivating all hearts by her grace and beauty, and holding together in perfect harmony these conflicting factions with the tact that only a Frenchwoman could command. She knew too the *prestige* of her name, and like her predecessor, aimed to revive the *éclat* of the *salon* of the *ancien régime* in art, letters, and political sway; in a word, her ambition was to be a power behind the throne. Vain strife; for the throne rested then on the upheaving shoulders of the people, and a woman's hand was too weak to regulate its fevered pulse. But above all other designs, her passion was the conquest of hearts. Unscrupulous in her wiles as Circe, she yet kept herself within the boundary of forbidden ground, though never caring for the consequences that sealed the fate of her victims. Thus she played with love and hatred, as mere handmaidens to the accomplishment of her will. Now, as ever, Delilah and Micah challenge the conquest of Esther and Ruth.

Feeling lost in the crowd of strangers, Armand had taken his vantage-ground by a porphyry column, that formed a recess at the end of the *suite*. He was watching with interest the assemblage of distinguished men and women, catching here a *bon mot*, there a sentence in some metaphysical disquisition; again a sentiment from some oracle in the political world. Next a distinguished astronomer could be overheard announcing the advent of a new star, and he in turn, interrupted by a tirade on fashion from some passing beauty, and she completely annihilated by some profound philosophical or theological disquisition from the lips of a notable *savant*. It was indeed a miniature Babel.

"You must not remain here alone, Monsieur," said a soft voice beside him; "come and let me introduce you to my friends."

"If Madame will pardon, I should prefer to-night to be a looker-on in Venice only."

"Ah, that wont do. I never allow contemplatives a place in my order. All must be workers, even if they have to cross a bridge of sighs to find their *rôle*. So *allons*, Monsieur. You are an artist. Let me introduce you to that coterie that will welcome a new *confrère*."

So he offered his arm, and soon found himself engrossed in a pleasant discussion on his favorite themes. How little did he realize then, when smiling at her quotation from the English poet, that for him it would also prove prophetic. Truly a bridge of sighs! Would to God he had never crossed it.

Day after day, on one plea or other, he was thrown into her society. By degrees she elicited the history of his life, and through it found the key to his most hidden thoughts. As her power grew, so too increased her demands; until at last he became the slave of her will in all things. Through her influence he now had the *entré* to the gayest and most *recherché salons*. He had acquired all necessary accessions to his personal appearance and talents, to make him a most desirable *habitué* therein.

Madame had often rallied him upon the idle, useless pursuit of an art that proved so slow to yield the recompense he deserved. "The lyric stage," she would say, "is your proper sphere, with your elegant person, and a voice that is unsurpassed in finish and quality, what a

furor you would create in the *beau monde!*"

"But I care nothing for that, you know well, *ma belle;* all my hopes and aspirations centre in one of its queens."

One day, as if by accident, she introduced him to a gentleman, who upon hearing Armand sing, expressed the most enthusiastic admiration. "*Ma foi!* Monsieur," he exclaimed, "you hide your light under a bushel; you bury your talent in a napkin. Only a titled fortune could afford to keep such a voice for his friends alone. Monsieur de la Place is fortunate to command so much."

"You are mistaken, sir," said Armand, laughing, "unless indeed a poor artist, whose only *château* comprises a studio and an attic, may consider himself favored by the gods."

"Say you so, sir? Then may I presume to make a proposition."

"Certainly, sir."

"If you will accept the position of *primo tenore* for the grand Opera of Vienna, I will insure you such a golden dower in fortune, and such worldwide renown, as even a crowned head might envy."

Armand took a step backward, as though bewildered; but before he could reply, Madame du Deffand laid her hand with great *empressement* upon his arm, and looked with beseeching, loving eyes into his face.

"You will not refuse, Armand, you must not, this magnificent opportunity. I add my entreaties to those of Mons. L——, who, you must know, is no other than the grand *impressario* of Vienna. If you refuse this chance, you need never ask my advice again."

She turned away as if deeply grieved, and walked to the window.

"Take time, sir, take time!" said Mons. L——. "You can give me your answer to-morrow evening."

With a few parting words to Madame, he made his adieus.

"This was a plot, Estelle," exclaimed Armand, in an angry tone. "You are tired of your novice, and formed this plan to be rid of him."

"Say rather," she replied, "that I prove my appreciation and unselfishness, by relinquishing to the world what I might reserve for myself alone."

"If I could only believe that you really cared for me, beyond the pastime of an hour, I might make even this sacrifice for you."

"*Sacrifice!*" and she laughed cynically. "Who ever heard of a man talking of sacrifices, in connection with fame and fortune."

"You forget, Estelle," said Armand, sadly, "how hard I strive, even yet, to hold together some of those golden links in the chain of my early life. Even your ridicule, dear as you are, has not quite destroyed what you call those boyish superstitions."

"Well, *mon ami*, can't you be as faithful to them in a new *rôle*, as in the monkish life you are now leading?" she retorted, petulantly.

"How can I answer for myself in a sphere that holds the numerous temptations that must encompass the path of one whom you so flatteringly term the first tenor of the day. No," he said, after a pause; "I throw away this great prize, and will be content to climb by a lower ladder only."

"But what if the guerdon of my love, Armand, were added to the golden reward of the *impressario?*" and she laid her hand tenderly upon his arm.

"Estelle!" he cried, nervously seizing her hand; "are you serious, or is this only a new lure?"

"You know," she replied, "that I have often told you, that I can only marry a man whose rank equals my own, or who can offer an equivalent in talent, fortune, or renown. Now if you, entering this field, win the laurel-crown that I know awaits you, this hand and heart, so long, and I must say, nobly and patiently sought, shall be yours."

What need of more words. The story of how Eden was lost and sin and sorrow won, repeats itself in every cycle of time; and men go rushing madly down to hell for a woman's smile, or the thrilling, burning touch of her hand. *Miserere mei Deus.* The next day this self-doomed victim closed an engagement with Mons. L——. A few months training only were necessary, when he found himself launched upon the boisterous waters of a public career. His *début* was an ovation, witnessed by the siren who inspired it, and rewarded by renewed promises of love and fidelity.

ERA FOURTH.

"When the just turneth away from his justice, and committeth iniquity, he shall die therein; in the injustice that he hath wrought shall he die." (Ezek. 18 : 27.)

"THE affinity that is placed like a magnet between the sexes is the great lever that lifts to happiness, or crushes with incalculable woe. Its phases are diverse. Passion, when regulated by reason, may lead at least to safety, if not peace; but passion unconstrained by reason or morality, embraces the bitterness of death. Every man, at some period of his life, worships at one favored shrine. With the majority, some special, secret, subtle influence directs and controls his inner thoughts, his outer life. Delve for the root, and you will find woman, ambition, or gold, in the heart of the mechanism, moving the secret springs. Alas, how many in the combat fall, weary and worn, by the wayside! How few reach the goal, with unbroken armor or lance, crowned with the wreath of victory!" . . . After each successive triumph, Armand laid his trophies at the feet of Estelle, and sued for the promised reward. In vain! There was always a plausible pretext, always new exactions, before the compact could be sealed. Sometimes he would threaten to resign his servitude to this imperious Omphale; but she would wile him into submission again by a semblance of sincerity that might have deceived a seer. He crossed the sea, and traversed strange lands, leaving everywhere the echo of his thrilling notes, and stamping the records of the lyric drama with a renown and golden harvest never before known. *Vanite, vanitas!* Thus, in this fatuous hope, the once sunny temperament became clouded and exacting, the virtuous habits merged into dissipations, and all the interior lights died out one by one. Distrust, suspicion, darkened his soul, until even the sustaining power of *faith* sank in the purlieus of sinfulness, that was desperately grasped as a panacea to a tortured conscience and an aching heart. Seven years Jacob waited in patient, loving toil for Rebecca. *Ten* years this man spun out the golden thread of his life for an idol of stone. At length the measure of endurance was full, the last ounce of flesh had been given, and he demanded the promised reward. . . . Two years had passed since he last saw her bewitching face. The lines had deepened upon his own, stamping the strife of smothered passion and the pain of a hope deferred.

But for her, the bloom of Aurora still held perennial sway. He went to her in a spirit of sullen apathy; his passionate interest in the chase, his eager longing for the prize, had flagged under the weariness and length of his probation. But having entered the lists, and accepted the conditions, honor held him bound until his queen should crown or condemn him.

But ah, weak heart! once again in her presence, the old fire blazed up anew.

"Welcome, my brave, my Apollo!" she exclaimed, as she greeted him with an air of affectionate patronage. "Not many men could walk so erect under such a weight of laurels."

"Say rather under such a weight of woe, Estelle," he replied, with bitterness.

"Why, what misfortune has overtaken you, *mon ami?*" she asked, with well-simulated anxiety.

"Only the misfortune of having placed faith in the word of a faithless woman; unless, indeed," he eagerly added, "she will make me repent and recall the doubts by granting the promised recompense."

"How exacting and impatient you men are! Are you not content with the glory you have already won through my aid?"

"It was not for *glory*, Estelle, that I bartered my soul, but for your love, as you well know," he retorted in agitation.

"Please, don't talk nonsense, *mon ami*, or be so *empressé*. You quite shock my nerves! Why who ever heard of such an unreasonable mortal!"

"Listen, Estelle," he said, as his face grew white, yet making an apparent effort to control the rising emotion. "Listen! The time for such *persiflage*, such coquetry, has passed forever. I have been your tool long enough. Henceforth I must either be the master of your life, or a stranger to you."

She uttered a low, scornful laugh.

"For your love," he continued, "I adopted a profession that was difficult and distasteful to me. I knew my own vulnerable points, and I dreaded coming in conflict with temptations that walk, draped in roses, in such a path. For your love I have given the best years of my life to this pursuit. I have alienated myself from country and friends. Day by day I have felt my better nature yielding under the pressure of distrust in God and man, until it has sunk into blank despair of all eternal fruition. I have returned to you, replete with renown, above and beyond the terms you first required of me, trusting through all the weary waiting to recover in that reward all and more than I had lost in the contest. But, again and again, you have withheld my hard-earned guerdon, always exacting more tribute, like the rapacious king of the valiant young Dives. Now here at once I demand, without further subterfuge, your final answer."

Madame had listened with signs at times of evident impatience; then, when he had finished, she said, in a sneering tone,

"Bravo, Monsieur! You could not have done better if you had practiced before a larger audience. But did ever before love sue like that? Why, it is more like the demand of a tradesman for his bill, than of a lover for a cherished boon."

"Pardon the *hauteur*, Estelle," he pleaded, in a softened, penitent tone, "and only remember how cruelly you have tried me. The old love is still strong, else how could I thus humble myself?"

"Well, I suppose this comedy might as well end at once for both of us," she said, as she took a seat farther from him. "When I held out the inducement of my hand to push your fortune, I never supposed that you could so persistently believe me to be in earnest. But, when I found that you really cherished this illusion all these years, that fact was so novel and the idea of being thus faithfully loved and served by such a celebrity was so charming, that really, *mon ami*, you must pardon my want of courage for not breaking the spell sooner. How could you seriously suppose that I would relinquish the throne I hold in society, the sceptre I wield in my own *salon*, to be the wife of a—"

"Enough!" thundered the dupe, every vein in his face growing purple under the passion that swayed him; for at that moment the veil of this illusion was rent, and deep hatred and dire revenge usurped the place of the former love. "Enough! the compact is ended, Madame, and I leave you to the Nemesis that sooner or later overtakes all treacherous betrayal of trust, whilst I go to my fate."

Without further salutation he left the room, and Madame stood in speechless surprise at this unlooked-for termination of the scene. . . .

A new grand opera had been announced for a first representation, and expectation ran high in the world of fashion, as it thronged the boxes, to see and hear once more the famous tenor. Madame du Deffand occupied a conspicuous position near the stage. As the play proceeded, and all were under the influence of the exquisite music, an electric thrill ran through the frame of Madame as she saw Armand advance to the footlights (amid thunders of applause) in the garb and character of a monk. Strange, she thought, that he, so sensitive on this subject, should have consented to assume a part so analogous to his own career. Spellbound he held the audience by the fervor, the reality, that he threw into the *rôle* of the apostate, while the sympathetic unction of his voice gave a pathetic interpretation to the music that moved the most stoical heart in that vast audience. *Vivas*, laurel crowns, and rich bouquets, were showered upon him from every part of the house. Amongst the latter, falling directly at his feet, was one made up solely of red and white roses; they were his favorite flowers, chosen as a symbol of the two memorable eras in his life,—purity and passion. He saw the white hands tremble as they fell; he saw the pleading expression of the pale face, the overflowing tears in the brilliant eyes, and he knew that for her love had dawned at last, and regret and remorse had buried their sharp talons in her cold heart. He was avenged. One steady gaze of hatred, of dire revenge, and he deliberately spurned with his foot the floral offering of penitence and peace. There was a momentary sensation, even the threat of a hiss, at this public insult to the idol of society; but Tenor was king for the moment. Thus genius and song triumphed over beauty and the *prestige* of wealth and position.

Upon returning to his dressing-room, he found a silver salver piled with dainty notes of invitation for supper parties. Without a moment's thought, he threw them all into the fire. Walking over to the Psyche mirror, he gazed steadily for several minutes, scanning carefully every part of the monk's costume. Retribution with double hand had at last fallen! Uttering a hissing sound from between his white, closed lips, he tore, with frenzied haste, from off him the dress that, worse than Jason's poisoned robes, stung him to madness!

ERA FIFTH.

"I said in the midst of my days I shall go to the gates of hell." . . . "I shall not see the Lord God in the land of the living." "I shall behold man no more, nor the inhabitants of rest." "My generation is at an end, and it is rolled away from me as a shepherd's tent." (Isaiah 38.)

LEAVING the opera house by a private door, Armand de la Place, after hesitating a moment, turned in the direction of the river. There he walked up and down its banks for some time like one bereft of all purpose, when suddenly observing a boat about to start, he hurriedly went on board. As the night advanced, the wind grew cold, and the sky inky dark; but still he paced the deck in restless agitation. Phantoms were walking by his side, and all the illusions of the past twelve years were melting away before these spectres that had arisen from the grave of sated passions, blighted hopes, and ambition's fatuous dreams. They carried him back to the time when, like the young Samuel, he dwelt near the altar of God; when meditation and silence were dearer than words, when living at the foot of the cross, and contemplating the joys of heaven, opened to him a vista of glory far, far beyond the ephemeral plaudits upon which the curtain had but just now fallen. He contrasted the strife, the

aimless projects, the unsated hopes and desires of these past years with that epoch of discipline, when the natural and supernatural subserved each other, when the emotions of the heart were regulated and held in subjection by the needs of the soul, when the intellect gathered fresh vigor from the vigil and prayer, the blessed *quies* of the monk's cell. Then arose the memory of the first suggestions of the tempter, and with it all the pageantry of Babylon, that gilded bait that had lured him from his peaceful haven. Pride, ambition to win a high place, and bear off the prize in the world's great tournament, to revel in the joys of those senses that heretofore had been kept in subjection by mortification and self-abnegation, according to the teachings of St. Paul, "Mortify the flesh, that ye may subdue the spirit." All this and more these spectres forced him to recall. And what was now the result? In part the prize had been won, but through all the *éclat*, the angel of his purer past was ever near with drooping wings, and the phantom of coming retribution had darkened every joy. And now it was all ended. At the age of thirty-five, he felt as did Saul before his last battle, forsaken by God; but the sting of his own conscience was sharper and more prophetic than the voice of Endor. In the anguish of despair, he raised his eyes heavenward, but he saw only in the forked lightning, and heard in the crashing thunder those three fatal words: Mane, Thekel, Phares, and he shuddered as did Belthazar of old before their might. The dark waters looked like a refuge from their glare. They seemed to beckon him to repose from these avenging Eumenides. Without thought or prayer for mercy, obeying this final, triumphant call of the evil one, he plunged into its surging bosom, and went wildly drifting out to the shores of Eternity.

ERA SIXTH.

De profundis ad te clamavi domini.

"In a moment of indignation have I hid my face a little while from thee, but with everlasting kindness have I had mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." (Isaiah 54:8.)

Brother Lazarus had gone early in the morning to the neighboring town for medicines and a few other necessary articles for the superior. He had been detained beyond his calculations, and when at last ready to start home, was overtaken by the storm. He had been waiting anxiously in the boat-house, and at the first lull of the tempest, started for the monastery, knowing that Father Alexis would be very uneasy at his long delay. He had brought with him to assist in rowing a young postulant.

"What is that black thing on the water," said the boy, "bobbing up and down. Look, Brother Lazarus, now, quick; see it is almost gone again."

They were rowing towards it, when Pierre spoke.

"God be merciful to us, it is a man!" said Brother Lazarus. "Quick, Pierre, seize that black thing floating; it must be his cloak."

Both caught hold, and pulled vigorously, and were rewarded by seeing the body of a man rise to the surface. Who shall recount the mercies of God or his wonderful ways? "Even in the darksome pit," shall his eye pierce to deliver the soul of the perishing one.

Life seemed extinct; but the good brother was infirmarian, and knew what should be done. He stripped the chest and rubbed it vigorously, gently inflating the lungs at the same time, until the water began to pour from mouth, ears, and nostrils. Then he waited a few minutes for recovery from exhaustion, when he gave him small portions of wine, which fortunately he had purchased for the sick. Taking then his own coat off, as well as Pierre's, he wrapped him up as warmly as possi-

ble to keep the air from his wet clothes, and laid him on a bundle of tarpaulins in the bottom of the boat.

Day had dawned when they reached the small tributary stream whereon the monastery stood. Father Alexis had felt so anxious at Brother Lazarus's delay, that after the midnight office he remained up to watch and pray for his safety. Ah, little did he then dream how dear a soul was wrestling at that moment between the angels of life and death—of heaven and hell. At length, from the observatory, he saw the boat turning into the bayou. "But what was the matter? Brother Lazarus in his shirt-sleeves! Pierre the same! Had they been robbed? or worse, had they yielded to the temptation of wine?" Again he raised the field-glass: "What can be that black heap lying prone in the bottom of the boat?" A thrill of unutterable terror pierced the heart of the father; he felt that some terrible revelation awaited him.

For years, like David sitting between the gates watching for tidings of his renegade son, had this man likewise, father of flesh and spirit united, waited and prayed for his own prodigal's return. Calling for an assistant, in silence they proceeded to the boat-house. Brother Lazarus and Pierre were bearing between them a lifeless body. Father Alexis advanced, and with one ejaculation for strength, uncovered the insensible form. The white death-stricken face of his lost child was before him. The old cry of anguish, "Absalom, my son, my son!" again went up to heaven from a broken heart.

Restoratives were quickly reapplied, until signs of life appeared. Armand opened his eyes and gazed steadily into his father's face; but no sign of recognition, or of reason, gleamed in those glassy orbs. For weeks he hovered between life and death; but, at length, after ceaseless watching and care, the young, vigorous body won the battle; but the light of the soul had fled. Quietly and harmlessly the poor prodigal wandered through the cloisters and grounds. He would spend long hours in the chapel, his eyes fixed on the tabernacle, as if held there by some secret spell. Sometimes the brotherhood would be startled from sleep, long after midnight, by the sound of the organ pouring forth the most thrilling and weird harmonies. After one of these unusually protracted vigils, wherein memory appeared to exhume all the visions of his past career, he seemed to live and enact over again the mimic scenes, pouring forth in enrapturing tones such melodies as never before had found echo in those ancient walls. As suddenly peers a star from out a cloud, so did reason, clear and vivid, ascend once more her throne. Then for him began the real conflict where retrospect and actuality meet; where passions long uncurbed wrestle with the angel of self-denial and the demon of consent; where the past and present are ever at war with the future, and the ideal wears brighter and warmer robes than cold, naked truth. But that divine cry of anguish that went up from under the olive branches, arose in the might of its power and sweetness, and thus the voice spoke: "If thou wilt put away from thee the iniquity that is in thy hand, and let not injustice remain in thy tabernacle, then mayest thou lift up thy face without spot, and thou shalt be steadfast and not fear. Thou shalt also forget misery and remember it only as waters that are passed away. And brightness like that of noonday shall arise to thee at evening, and when thou shalt think thyself consumed, thou shalt rise as the day star. . . . Thou shalt rest, and there shall be none to make thee afraid." (Job 45: 14–19.)

Once more the prodigal worked in the Scriptorium, and prayed at the altar of his childhood, and peace ineffable enfolded him. In obedience to his director, he occupied

his leisure in painting and in illuminating sacred subjects. By special permission, he was allowed occasionally to choose some subject that suited his own genius for brush and pallet. Thus it was that the inspiration came to epitomize his own life in the allegory of an old ruined abbey. The broken, mouldering walls represent the blight of sin and misused graces in himself. The climbing evergreen ivy, the tenacious lichens were the friends that clung to him in trouble, giving strength and support to the structure. The passion, the hopes, the *éclat* that had once enthralled and subverted his nobler qualities and calling lay around him in the crypt, with its broken effigies and mouldering tombs.

Faith flowed in the water, now bright and sparkling, anon dark and turgid, but typically directed by the Holy Mother and Divine Child, who kept ceaseless guard in the flower-twined niche above, to save ere "the measure of iniquity" should be filled. And he who was the unworthy object of these mercies, whose wreck has been rescued, whose ruin crowned with beauty and length of days, now sits calmly on the verge of that silent stream, counting in joy and peace the hours that yet must roll between him and the beneficence of eternal rest. *Magnificat animæ mea Dominum.*

This, then, is the picture that so impressed me, I thought, as I closed the book and raised my eyes, filled with tears of deep emotion, to where it hung. No wonder that its beauty and finish were so subtle in influence. Who could have dreamed of finding such a life of romance, of vivid action and miraculous development in the hidden chronicles of a sequestered cloister! Truly the human heart beats in all times and places to the same measure, and rarely if ever lays down its weakness until the grass of the grave covers it. I heard a sigh, and looking around, saw Father Alexis standing near me. "Where is he now, father?" I said, pointing to the picture. Looking upward with an expression of sad, but touching resignation, he replied, "*There!* Thank God," he continued, after a short struggle with his emotions, "he had not long to wait under the hard probation of suffering that filled his last days; although with St. Paul, he gloried in the cross and him crucified. We all need, my daughter, the discipline of suffering and sorrow. Let us pray that through it we may win the crown of eternal glory."

In a few hours, with many regrets, I bade the noble Father Alexis and his peaceful home adieu, feeling with grateful emotion that I left within those time-hallowed walls a large burden of weariness and woe, and in lieu thereof, had gathered the strength and consolation that come to those who

> "Lie prone upon the altar steps, that reach
> Through sorrow up to God."

In cœlo quies.

New Orleans.

VERDI AND HIS REQUIEM.

THE name of Verdi is familiar to every lover of music. It is associated with *I Lombardi*, *Nabucco*, *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *I Due Foscari*—melodic gems, every one of them, and breathing an inspiration decidedly original. *I Lombardi* and *Nabucco* are inspirations which came to Verdi in his despair, for his early musical career was not a flowery one. First of all, when he presented himself for admission into the musical conservatory of Bologna, he was rejected, because his meaningless face was expressive of little or no soul within him. He seemed to be too dull and stupid for anything scientific, much less æsthetic. He returned to Milan with a heavy heart, yet resolved, in spite of all obstacles, to devote himself to that art for which he seemed to have no qualification but an unconquerable love. A moment's reflection might have cheered him. Love of any art is an indication of talent. Nature does not make such a serious mistake as to instil into a man's soul a love of any particular art or science, without giving him, at the same time, at least a spark of genius which may afterwards become a flame, the brilliancy of which will be a light for the whole world. But it is love that uncovers the modest little talent, *buried* away in the napkin, burnishes it up, and gives it all the worth intended for it by the Creator. Verdi's love of music was all that he was noted for in early days. He wrote no grand symphonies when he was a child, as is fabled of some great masters. Neither do we hear of his improvising like Mozart. No one predicted great things for him in the future, no one hailed him as the master, who would leave his character stamped in eternal notes in the music of Italy. He was simply Giuseppe Verdi, *il musicante*—fond of music, that's all. And after he had studied hard, and struck the lyre which had hitherto been still and quiet in his own soul, the world was not pleased with his music, and *Simon Boccangera* was a failure. So was another opera which followed soon after. The success which attended *I Lombardi* was sufficiently brilliant to repay him for the past. It was an Herculean effort, for the dearest traditions of his own Lombardy formed the subject of his muse, and his patriotism and muse formed a happy league, which is nowhere more evident than in the manly and enchanting chorus of the first Crusaders, "*O Signore*, dal tetto natio!" While the public was still in its first enthusiasm over the *Lombards*, *Nabucco* appeared, and its beautiful originality literally enslaved his countrymen. Had his muse been paralyzed after the production of these two operas, Verdi's reputation was established forever. But the lyre once struck, continued to vibrate into newer and richer strains, and when these took a form of existence in *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, *Ernani*, *Due Foscari*, and *Rigoletto*, Verdi's popularity amounted to almost adoration among his emotional countrymen. People beyond the mountains, too, who would listen to no music save the rigid measures of a Mozart, or a Beethoven, were soon captivated with the smooth, soft carols of the Italian, and he has now established his claim in every *repertoire* of Europe and America. No *impressario* would dream of beginning the opera season without at least *Il Trovatore*, to fall back upon as a savory sugarplum for the people, when they yawn at *Lohengrin* or *Tannhauser;* and every *prima donna* likes to warble, on her benefit night, the famous *cavatina* of *Ernani*, "*Ernani involami.*" Verdi's early productions were popular, written for the popu-

lar ear, yet strictly classical. He it was who first gave the orchestra the supremacy in the recitatives, which hitherto were accompanied only by the old-fashioned *cymbals*, or the violoncello, and these only intoned at the end of each period, the essential notes of the tone in which the artist recited, merely to preclude the possibility of getting out of tone. But Verdi's recitative accompaniments are continuous, and expressive of the subject of recitation. Peace, joy, anger, jealousy, love, hate, every passion or sentiment is expressed, more or less effectually, in his instrumentation. His recitatives, too, are beautiful in themselves, prescinding from the orchestration. Indeed, some of them have been placed side by side with the most lovely Italian melodies. As as an example, I would cite the grand *recitativo* of the buffoon *Rigoletto*. While it is eminently declamatory, it is melodious, touchingly so, and towards the close, its ravishing sweetness stirs up the soul to a state of sympathy with the despair of the old man, which can only find expression in a silent tear. The first part of the recitative is a violent outburst of passion against the courtiers, whom he characterizes as "*Corteggiani, vil razza dannata!*" He sees in their faces that they have stolen his daughter, and his rage becomes towering. He alternates between hatred of his persecutors, and fear lest he may provoke their fury by saying too much, and that out of revenge they will never restore his daughter. This fear grows upon him as he addresses them, and the recitative reaches the climax of melodic sweetness, when he falls down upon his knees, and begs them to have pity upon him. During this scene the orchestra is fearfully agitated, and its undefinable, yet moving, cadences, coupled with the agony of the voice, would move the most callous listener. Verdi undoubtedly studies scenic effect, and he succeeds admirably. He is not forgetful of the grand principle of compensation. Does his melodic muse desert him, where you expect something *arioso* from the singer? Mark the passage well, and you will find that the orchestra makes up the deficiency from the immense resources in harmony. On the other hand, when he has a beautiful inspiration from melody, harmony retires to a respectful distance, if I may so express myself, and while the melody proceeds, you hear the simplest kind of an accompaniment, merely sufficient to establish and maintain the tone of the air. Read the melodies of *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*. But there are times when melody and harmony seem to vie with each other in Verdi's compositions, and the effect upon the listener is overpowering; you are simply enslaved. I shall quote one grand example, the grand quartette in *Rigoletto*. There are four characters on the stage, each agitated by different passions. There is the amorous and unfaithful Duke, the flirt of the roadside inn, the loving victim of the Duke's whimsicalities, Gilda, and her enraged father, Rigoletto. Here are four passions to be expressed at the same time, the flippant love of the Duke for the pretty peasant girl, her laughing indifference, the despair and unconquerable love of Gilda for the Duke, and the fiendish hatred and rage of her father. The quartette begins with an *aria* from the tenor (Duke) "*Bella, figlia Damore.*" He is interrupted in his protestations of affection by the derisory bantering of the laughing flirt (contralto). Gilda (soprano), the unseen witness of the Duke's perfidy, is heard uttering broken cries of despair, while high above all thunder the maledictions of the old *Gobbo* (baritone). And yet each part is a melody of rare beauty, and expressing to the full the sentiment of the subject. Each part affects the listener, now separately, now as a stupendous whole, which allied with the most powerful instrumentation,

marches on in all the triumph of perfection. You do not stop to think, or criticize, or question the introduction of the different parts according to the established rules of counterpoint. You are Verdi's captive for the moment, you are borne along unresistingly by that tide of melody and harmony, each distinct though not separate from the other, and when the last chord has died away, and the charm only lasts by recent recollection, you forget your own existence, you forget forms and conventionalities, and clamor boisterously for a repetition.

There is one grand characteristic in the genius of Verdi which distinguishes him from all other masters, and places him alone far above the rest of the Italian masters, second only to the old self-conscious giant himself, Rossini. Verdi has never been detected in a repetition. His genius is varied, wonderfully so. *I Lombardi* is not *Nabucco*, and *Trovatore* is entirely distinct from *Ernani*, not only in the individuality of each opera and each melody, but in the style itself. This can be said of very few masters, not even of the immortal Rossini. He repeated frequently, not only in different compositions, but sometimes even in the same opera; but they are repetitions of the beautiful, and you are thankful to the old fellow for having made them. It is true that he sometimes made repetitions designedly, and cared very little for the opinion of critics; he knew his superiority, and felt it in every note that he scratched. Who would dare to make such unheard-of innovations in music as Rossini made, and not feel superior to the barks of critics? He not only repeated in different compositions passages frequently, but always the same style in its minutest particular; but he also copied pretty passages from other authors. Understand me, Rossini was no plagiarist; but he never took the trouble to hang out a sign indicating quotations. If they were discovered he frankly acknowledged them, and was wont to remark, "Tell me where I can get more of them." He said this of the *Marcia Lugubre* in the symphony of "*L'Assedis di Corinto*," which he copied from the Psalms of Father Marcello. But he feared not criticism, for he was a self-conscious genius. He felt that the Rossini of *Cenerentola* could appear in *La Gazza Ladra*, without going to the trouble of changing his costume; he was always presentable, for every note was golden. But he never studied to change his style or diversifying it, until he wrote *Conte Ory*. There we behold the first indications of that change in style which had a perfect consummation in his gigantic and incomparable masterpiece, *William Tell*. In insinuating this much, I have moved a respectable distance out of the range of Teutonic opinions, not however losing sight of them entirely. But I was speaking of Verdi, and his variety of style. There is no sameness in him. He can hardly bear to reproduce himself in different operas, so unmistakably, yet with the certainty of success which actuated Rossini. There is just sufficient in each composition to establish Verdi's authorship, and there is many a passage which does this unmistakably. I can hardly describe what this something is; I only know that it exists. It is the tribute of the effect to its cause, of the creation to its creator, and no greater evidence of originality can be desired than that spirit pervading every one of his compositions, which tell you they are Verdi's and no one else's. Yet Verdi's general style underwent a great change in latter years, and this is evident in his more recent productions, *Macbeth*, *Il Ballo in Maschera*, *La Forza del Destino*, and *Don Carlos*. These are a new style of Verdian composition, and people have said of them, some that he was *approaching*, others that he was *imitating* the German

school. I cannot comprehend why it is that, when a master produces an elaborate work in music, he is said to have written in the German style. Is elaborateness of style the birthright of Germany only? Is what is called *scientific music* written exclusively by German masters, and only possible to aliens? I doubt it; in fact, I don't believe it. *William Tell* is elaborate, scientific, supereminently and beautifully so; yet who will presume to say that it is German in style? To return to Verdi, *Il Ballo in Maschera* will bear the most unsparing criticism, yet it does not smack of Germany. The author culled the beautiful flowers of that work, not in the cold, phlegmatic Vaterland, but in his own land, teeming with the traditions of the Cimarosa, Clementi, Zingarelli, Spontini, Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadantes, and *Rossini.* The Italian character is evident in every passage of that sweet composition, and yet it is not wanting in scientific beauties. You can comprehend *Il Ballo in Maschera* at the first hearing. It pleases you immediately, and after all, that is the primary and immediate object of music. The music that does not accomplish this, falls short of its original purpose, and as such is open to the severest criticism. Those compositions, the understanding and appreciation of which presuppose a few years' study in a conservatory, should be immured in a conservatory, and never be allowed to come out. They don't pay outside. They are not for our age; they are for the future, and have been aptly styled, "*la musica dell' arvenire.*" *Don Carlos*, too, has received the questionable compliment of being *alla Tedesca*, why it is difficult to imagine, unless we acknowledge that it is scientific with the reservation which was rejected above. There is a *slancio*—a transport of heart—in *Don Carlos* which proclaims its character at once, and disclaims all connection with the glacial inspirations of the North. Say the same of *La Forza del Destino.* I now come to an operatic composition of Verdi, about which there has been much said and written within the three years since it has appeared before the public. I speak of *Aida.* It is utterly unlike anything that Verdi has ever written, or indeed anybody else. When it was first produced in Milan, during the Carnival of 1872, the people were amazed at its wonderful originality. *Aida* was *Aida;* critics could compare it to no other composition. They had no criterion to judge by, and some of them pronounced the most ridiculous verdicts upon it. There was one point, however, which was above dispute: it *pleased,* and so far Verdi accomplished his purpose. The opera has been objected to for its want of melodies. There are absolutely no melodies to speak of. Some said that the mine of Verdi's beautiful melodies was exhausted, that his imagination was becoming feeble as old age came on; others again that he had tried to write a German opera, and succeeded to a nicety. I am inclined to question the accuracy of both statements. My reasons—take them for what they seem worth—for disputing the first, will appear further on; as for the second, it is simply untenable. Verdi did not aim at writing a German opera, but his grand purpose was to produce, in modern measures, the wild-wed melodies of the East. Let it be borne in mind that *Aida* is a tragedy of the kingly days of Egypt. The author aimed at giving expression to the events and sentiments of the *libretto* in music, which was to retain the Oriental character minus its incoherency. Whether the short, irregular melodies, scattered here and there throughout the great composition, be his own conceptions founded on a knowledge of the peculiar character of Oriental music, or simply some scraps that he had heard and retained, it is not for me

to inquire. But the task of putting these together, making of them a magnificent whole, sustained by a matchless unity of purpose, and a powerful instrumentation from first to last, demanded no ordinary musical talent, a profound knowledge of the science, and great artistic skill. Verdi proved himself equal to the demand, else why are we pleased with *Aida?*

Why do those mysterious cadences, rushing upon one another impetuously, yet in an orderly succession, carry us over the scorching sands of Egypt, past the Pyramids, to the cities of the Nile? He writes of Egypt, and he beckons us to follow him thither, enticed by the plaintive music of the lute, and the hautboy, and the flute. Shut your eyes to the scenery, your sense of hearing tells you of Egypt. Such is the hidden power of the music. It is not in my province to judge of *Aida* in its scenic effect. From my standpoint, I think it is the music that ought to animate all, move all, rule all. Still I think it would be difficult to conceive a more impressive scene on the stage, than the triumphal entry of the Egyptian host, preceded by that quartette of long trumpets, heralding the approach of the army in as grand a piece of martial music as has been written in modern times. The long trumpets of a century and a half ago had disappeared entirely from the category of musical instruments. Verdi brought them forth again from their obscurity, and intoned with them a blast so startling and thrilling, that they seemed to have pent up within their brazen valves the echoes of centuries. *Aida* is unquestionably Verdi's masterpiece among his operatic productions. But the mine was far from being exhausted. There were other melodies in his soul, other combinations of sound, that needed but to be imprisoned in form upon the paper, and afterwards executed, to convince the world that the superiors of the conservatory of Bologna made a grand mistake, in rejecting the young Lombard. Hitherto, Verdi had only written for the opera. He amused himself at times, by composing occasional pieces for the *salon.* He wrote very little for the church. An occasion for bringing out his sacred muse was offered in the death of his friend, the illustrious Manzoni. On the first anniversary of the death of the great writer, a Requiem Mass was executed in the Church of St. Mark in Milan. The name alone of the author made it famous before it was even heard. It was talked of for months before, and the critics of Italy, France, and Germany studied up their technicalities, that they might speak of the great work with becoming gravity. Well, telegrams left Milan on the anniversary for the principal cities of Europe and America: "Verdi's Requiem is an unprecedented success." I shall say nothing of the Italians. Their national pride was exalted, and they expressed their supreme delight in the most exaggerated terms, as became their emotional character. The French critics were delighted, and the most glowing tribute they could pay to the author, was to invite him to Paris, and have the Mass rendered in the Italian opera-house. The Germans behaved ungraciously. Some of them refused to listen to it, and condemned it openly a week before it was heard by the public. Those who heard it spoke of it in very indifferent terms. Altogether it did not please the Germans, and Verdi was not invited to Berlin, nor to Munich, nor to Vienna. It was my delight to hear Verdi's Requiem in Venice last July. It was rendered by the original quartette of Verdi's own selection, Stolz (soprano), Waldmann (mezzo-soprano), Medini (tenor), and Maini (bass). There was a choral force of one hundred and sixty well-trained voices, and an orchestra of nearly one hundred. The direction of the Mass was intrusted, at the author's especial re-

quest, to Faccio, of Padua. It was but natural to suppose that the composition would be interpreted according to the spirit of the writer. The event surpassed every expectation. The voice of Waldmann rang through the *teatro Malibran* with a quivering solemnity of expression which it is impossible to describe. Her voice has the volume of a baritone, and the nightingale sweetness of a soprano. She was the *protogonista* of the occasion. Stolz was the Leonora of *La Forza del Destino*, and swept through the notes of the upper register with marvellous ease and sweetness. The tenor's voice was plaintive, that of the bass powerful as the *Anabaptist* in *Le Prophète*, yet sorrowfully religious. The whole composition is religious in tone—very. But its religion is theatrical, not ecclesiastical. It was difficult for Verdi to shake off the dust of the stage. He has been there too long, and now when he appears in church, he prays in a theatrical attitude. He prays well, no doubt, but the church has her traditions in music as well as in dogma and discipline, and, as Pius IX said in his congratulatory letter to the Master of the Lateran Basilica, "that music is to be banished from the churches, which carries us from the altar to the stage." Yet the mass is a masterpiece of religion, Verdi's religion, it is true, but a religion that is quickened with a profound appreciation of what is sacred and awful in the ceremonies for the dead, and a depth of feeling and sympathy beseeming such an appreciation. It is a masterpiece of melody, sweeter and more original still than the "miserere" of *Trovatore*. The mine of Verdi's melodies is not yet exhausted. It is a masterpiece of harmony, for it sustains the melody, and holds it up to us in all its mellowness of color. It is a masterpiece of instrumentation, for the orchestra *prays*. I think the circumstances were favorable to the hearing of a Requiem Mass. Venice, a night made sorrowful by a drizzling rain, voices that know no imperfections, save that they will one day be silent forever, instruments that seem to possess an animation of their own, and all this affecting a lonely stranger. The rain pattered on the skylights, and a wail was heard; it seemed to be the wind moaning away out on the dark lagoon, and trying to get into the city where the light and the warmth was. No, it was the threnody of the stifled violins in La minor. Then voices were heard, female voices, whispering, as if from afar, *Requiem, Requiem, Requiem, aeternam dona eis Domine.* The prayer increased in confidence and in energy, and the stringed instruments grew more agitated. Then all subsided into the quiet choral measures of the Kyrie, supported by the masculine firmness of the tenors and basses. It all melted away with that religious swell which one associates with early matins, chanted by hoary monks. But the very chaos of hell seemed to be stirred up by the shrieking violins, and the rumbling bass viols, whose great cords quivered in an agony of terror. It needed not the terrified voices to announce the *Dies iræ.* There was wrath in those instruments, and they seemed to give reason to the voices to cry out, *Quantus tremor est futurus.* But hark! A trumpet! Remote yet clear, the blast is wafted towards the listener, and its sound is unearthly. Then the sound is caught up by another trumpet, the echo of the first, then a third joins in, and a fourth, and a fifth, and all five ring out as one, *Tuba mirum spurgeus sonum.* The voices intone the words of this verse at broken intervals, but that inexorable trumpet of doom is ever crying out, in the *dominant seventh*, the "strange sound through the regions of the dead," *per sepulchra regionum.* Its tones are remorseless; it will not be quieted; it is terrible listening to it, and people stop their ears. Such is the "*Tuba mirum.*"

When all this dies away, there is a great calm, and a clarinet and bassoon are heard intoning something like an inquiry. It is very sorrowful, and you imagine you see the sinner about to move up to the great judgment-seat. "*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*" The mezzo-soprano sings these words to a melody in *Do Minor*, and is accompanied by the weird bassoon, which, as it moves up and down the minor chords, seems to say, "Quid-sum-miser-quid-sum-miser-tunc-dic-tu-rus?" It is a pitiful cry, and seems to move others too, for the tenor and soprano also repeat the sorrowful question of the mezzo-soprano. The melody is agonizing as she cries, "Quem patronum rogaturus." What patron shall I invoke? Whereat the bass intones a beautiful appeal to the Fountain of mercy, *Salva me, fons pietatis.* A series of imitations are sung by the other three voices, while the chorus repeats ever and anon *Salva.* The most touching passage of the *Dies iræ* of Verdi's Mass is the "*Ingemis eo tam quam reus*," a solo for the tenor. But its pathos rises to a sublimity when he sings,

> "Qui Mariam absolvisti,
> Et latronem exaudisti
> Mihi quoque spem dedisti."

It is accompanied by a pathetic clarinet. The confusion of the demons is admirably expressed by the maddened violins, kettle-drums, and flutes, while the bass sings "confutatis maledictis." The last verse is a quatuor without any accompaniment. A wandering spirit of Gregorian chant pervaded this verse, and gave an ecclesiastical conclusion to the entire hymn. The offertory piece is prayerful. Verdi seems to forget the opera as he goes along. He is no longer in the world of description, in which he can draw upon his theatrical resources. He is simply praying in music. But the spirit of the Catholic Church enters into him for a moment, as he tries to express the humility, and withal the confidence, embodied in the opening words of the offertory, "*Hostias et preces offerimus.*" The conclusion, however, becomes theatrical, without being irreligious, and very aptly describes the archangel Michael, introducing the souls of the blessed, *in lucem sanctam quam olim Abrahæ promisisti, et semini ejus.* The Sanctus is a glorious flourish of trumpets, not exactly what the Church would approve of, but would tolerate, considering the good will of the author. As a musical composition, the Sanctus is in the vigorous style, and reminds one, though remotely, of the Palestrina choruses in the Sistine chapel at the Vatican.

The Agnus Dei is plain chant reduced to measure. Written for soprano and mezzo-soprano, without any accompaniment whatever, the spirit of the Church is discernible throughout. Yet with the resources of science, he made of that simple, religious melody a duet of rare beauty. I cannot describe it. I only know of its effect upon myself. It struck me as being consistently divided into two parts, the descriptive and the precative. The descriptive was chanted in music which seemed to strengthen the words of the Church—"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world." The infinite consolation embodied in the dogma of redemption is set forth with so much strength and earnestness, that it seems not only natural, but also necessary, to break off suddenly, as the melody does, and make a short appeal for the dead—*Dona eis requiem!* And when the Agnus Dei is repeated for the third time, it grows more beautiful in its descriptive part, because chanted by two voices (soprano and mezzo-soprano), and hence the double appeal at the end for "requiem sempiternam"—sempiternal rest—seems proportionately powerful. The ecclesiastical spirit also predominates in the Post Communion, excepting in the passage "Lachrymosa dies illa,

calamitatis, et miseriæ," where the orchestra becomes turbulent as in the opening passages of the "Dies iræ." The absolution piece is for four voices, without any accompaniment. The orchestra is introduced simultaneously with the chorus in the last period, *Requiescant in pace, Amen.* The effect of the two grand masses, the voices and the instruments, is stupendous. It can be heard and appreciated on the moment, but there is too much grandeur in it to be taken in all at once. It must be heard again and again, not because it is difficult of understanding, but because memory is powerless to retain it. As for describing it accurately, no one can do that but the man who wrote it. As far as judging by hearing goes, it is second to none of its kind. It was not written at the request of a sepulchral visitor who paid for it and then vanished, leaving the writer strongly impressed with the notion that he must prepare to die, as has been said of Mozart. Some critics condemn it for its want of ecclesiastical spirit, others for its Italian spirit, and others again because it has no spirit at all. But let us bring it before the supreme judge, the ear. Does it give pleasure? That is the primary criterion in judging of the merits of any musical composition. I have seen a critical and highly cultured audience forgetful of themselves and their personal comfort for three hours, in listening to it, and when they finally recovered from the trance of enjoyment into which they had been wooed, the burst of applause which followed was nature's own tribute to the power of the author. Verdi's Requiem Mass is its own defence; it has established its place beside the great requiem of Mozart, and in doing so, it has not called upon salaried critics to defend it, and hedge it in behind a wall of technicalities and scientific distinctions. As a musical composition it bears in its every note the talisman of Verdi's productions, to please by the simple hearing.

SAINT CATHARINE'S CROWN.

I.

Above her, in the lustrous air,
(Released, as from an angel's hold),
There floated, as she knelt at prayer,
Two crowns; the one of purest gold,
And glowing with a thousand gems;
The other, rough and black and bare,
The thorniest of diadems.

II.

"'Tis thine to choose," was softly said
By him she loved; "'tis thine to wear!"
"Oh, Lord!" she cried, "Thy brow is red
With piercing thorns, and shall *I* bear
A jewelled crown while Heaven mourns
Thy wounds? Ah, no!—" and on her head
She, smiling, pressed the crown of thorns.

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

THE DESULTORY IN LITERATURE.

THOSE writings in which the author does not professionally speak, in which he unbends himself, and lays bare the inmost thoughts of his heart, whether it be in a short essay, a letter, a regularly kept journal, or fragmentary jottings of thought, are particularly valuable both to the student of history and to the philosopher. Neither by one nor the other can they be overlooked. Not by the historian; for they reveal many of the customs and manners of the times in which the writer lives. Though here the historian must guard against accepting implicitly any individual's private opinion about his contemporaries. Party ties are too strong, and party prejudices too general, to expect an impartial opinion. Nor should the philosopher neglect this class of writings, for in them he finds the man. We are never sure that we know the man we meet only in his holiday dress and his best appearance. That bland smile may be only for the public; at home it may give place to a continual frown. That piece of good behavior may be assumed but for the occasion; that over, the person leaps back to his more congenial habits of ill-breeding. That cordiality with which one is greeted may disguise a set purpose; that attained, he is henceforth passed unnoticed. And so it is with writing. The page that is made up for the public eye may contain thoughts far different from those that usually occupy the author's mind. To know the latter we must intrude on the privacy of his opinions as cast off on the heat of the moment, or as unbosomed to a confidential friend. We must enter the sanctum of his thoughts and notice the workings of his mind. Here again the reader has to be cautious lest he set too great value upon these fragmentary utterances. The unfinished phrase, the half-said sentence, the partial idea, are of value only as revealing the man and the process by which he reaches a conclusion. That alone upon which stress is to be laid as of authoritative value is the finished conclusion as laid down in the formal composition. Mere jottings are frequently but so many catchwords. Torn from their collateral ideas, they may be taken in a sense the very opposite of that which the author would convey. In interpreting such works, the only safe rule to go by is to consider the general drift of thought peculiar to the writer, as expressed in his finished works, and where his notes and fragmentary pieces tally to consider them as authority; when they differ, to regard them as tentative expressions of ideas not yet clear to the author's mind, unless such proof and authority accompany them, as go to show that the writer has really changed opinion. This canon is important. It is only of too frequent occurrence that an author's posthumous productions are made to speak a language the living voice would have repudiated. The same holds true of quotation. Passages, when torn from their context, are made to convey a meaning their legitimate sense does not at all imply. With these preliminary remarks, let us now turn to some of the desultory forms in which literature reaches us. We will begin with the letter.

1. The letter is a familiar expression of the writer's opinions to a friend. The first essential for a good letter is that he to whom it is addressed be one in whom the writer has confidence; therefore, that it be truly the unbosoming of friend to friend; and finally, that it be free from all the trickery of composition. The letter intended for the public eye loses much of its simplicity, and the charm of openness vanishes. The

effort at writing and the reserve of soul are too palpable. The letter written and rewritten, and pared down to the smoothness of a composition, may be regarded as a good essay, but it loses its character of a letter. Indeed, a really well-written letter, like a good conversation, is such that it is rightly understood only by the parties between whom the correspondence is conducted. Everything in it savors of the person as known to the one to whom it is written, and it breathes so particular an atmosphere of thought, that read by any other than those it is intended for, it loses its flavor. Here the question is suggested: How far should the privacy of familiar letters be invaded for the purpose of public use? It is a peculiarity of this century that an author's most sacred trusts are dragged before the public gaze. This practice is carried to excess. The people seem to cry in the words of Tennyson, when he entered protest against the practice:

> "Give out the faults he would not show!
> Break lock and seal! betray the trust!
> Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
> The many-headed beast should know."*

This curiosity has grown to a passion. There is nothing too sacred for the public gaze. Scandals, family troubles, secret crimes, are all held up to the profane eye of "the many-headed beast." It ought to be rebuked, and not pandered to. Where there is a sense of dignity and responsibility its cravings will not be satisfied. It is wrong to give more of a man's private correspondence than is necessary to illustrate his character. Such things as may have passed from his pen in weak moments should not be made to answer for the general tenor of his character. Momentary failings should rather be hinted at than paraded before the world. They should be placed in their true light. To give them prominency is to exaggerate them.

* On reading a Life and Letters.

The series of letters that have become part of literature are comparatively few. We have thirteen letters of Plato (429–347 B.C.). Some of them may be, and probably are, spurious; but others breathe the spirit of Plato. They show the philosopher. The acute reasonings and the reflexive sentences are Platonic. They betray a certain flutter of anxiety about his dear philosophy.* He would stand on good terms with Dionysius of Syracuse; he would befriend Herakleides, though persecuted by Dionysius;† he would side with no feud, but would be a common friend to all.‡ He seems to be in his letters the wary philosopher who casts many probabilities, as in his writings he is the profound thinker who is argus-eyed in his views, and who so carefully examines the husks of error that overlay a truth until it stands before him in all its pure nakedness.

The letters of Cicero (B.C. 106–43) are more cordial. They are from friend to friend. The stately orator unbends himself. He can, in the name of friendship, become so un-Roman as to write to his friend Trebatius:§ "In sooth, one hour's gay or serious conversation together, is of more importance to us, than all the foes and all the friends that the whole nation of Gaul can produce." In many of his letters is to be found a charming play of fancy—irony, based on true friendship, and that freedom of expression that shows him at his ease.

Seneca's (B.C. 7–A.D. 65) epistles to Lucilius are so many moral essays. They in many places reflect the spirit of Christianity. They may be considered as beautiful writing, but they are too stately for good letters. The same is true of Pliny's (A.D. 61–110) letters. They are too labored, and occasionally read like paraphrases of Horace. Still, they reveal a gentle spirit and a beautiful soul. His let-

* Letter 2. † Ib. 7. ‡ Ib. § Written B.C. 54.

ter to Trajan, asking how he is to treat the Christians, is one of the first pictures of Christian life made by a pagan hand.* He occupies us with his rural sports,† with his studies, with the pleasures of a retired life,‡ with his daily occupations in winter and summer;§ he moralizes upon the changes wrought by time, upon the advantages of study, upon lasting friendships.‖ He everywhere presents an unruffled appearance. It is evident that he is fixed up for the occasion. He has practiced too much before the glass prior to coming in our presence. We prefer knowing him in his unguarded moments. This is the charm of Madame de Sévigné (1626–1696).

In her *Lettres* are to be found all the vivacity, pleasantry, and openness that constitute the charm of a true letter. Writing to a beloved daughter, there was no need for restraint; all is said, and charmingly is it said. She writes as she speaks, and in the language best adapted to conversation. She gossips, but you weary not; her pictures are so simply and artistically sketched; her playfulness so natural; her soul is in her letter. And this is why she is embalmed in general literature. In Chesterfield's letters to his son are to be found a shade of that ease, and of graceful language, though they lack the sprightliness and familiarity. It is not heart to heart that speaks. It is worldly shrewdness indoctrinating a pupil in the maxims by which to walk; and the code laid down is such as unfolds the weaker parts of character, and suppresses what is noblest and grandest in human nature. In Cowper's letters we find an indescribable charm. Their style is the perfection of English spoken as it is thought. They have all the ease and delicacy of a woman's; and this is saying much, for nowhere is to be found such pure English as in the unrestrained outpourings of an educated woman in a letter. Hence the significancy of that term, *our mother-tongue*. Woman's delicacy of sensibility renders grating to her ear any extraneous expression, whether of coarseness and carelessness, or of overwrought affectation.*

2. From the letter we pass to the diary. Therein the writer is supposed to jot down his first impressions; and as it is intended for his own eye, he is unguarded in his language, and expresses himself more freely than he otherwise would. It is in these free utterances that we read the man. We may consider him too selfish; but how else could he be talking to himself and of himself? And on what subject can one be more eloquent than self? He may exaggerate his abilities or his shortcomings; but in that exaggeration the reader has one of his weak points. The diary is a book of daily transactions intermingled with the writer's personal views and opinions. Historically considered, it is invaluable. It gives us the inner life of the times, and for this reason it cannot be too prolix. We would not lose a word that is jotted. The writer may be wrong in his opinions; but in his living and doing he is the representative of a class. In English we have two diaries that have become incorporate in our literature.

Evelyn lived in stirring times (1620–1706). He kept a faithful record of all he saw and heard. That record was published in 1818. It is replete with shrewd remark. It everywhere shows the scholar and the dignified gentleman. Therein is he pathetic, as in the touching picture of his daughter, who had died of small-pox in the bloom of life. Therein, also, is he graphic in his description, as when he records the great fire in London in 1666.

In a different tone—with less dignity and, because for his own eye alone,

* Book X, Letter 97. † I, 6. ‡ I, 9.
§ IX, 36–40. ‖ IV, 24.

* See De Quincey on Style, p. 75.

with less reserve—did Samuel Pepys (1632–1703) write his diary. It was written in cipher, and first saw the light in 1825. It renders us intimate with Mr. Pepys. And from it we learn that he was a good business man, ever having an eye to his own advancement; a man who reluctantly expended, but who never objected to enjoy himself at another's expense; a worldly man who sought to blend pleasure with business; a vain man, who always makes pretence to more than he is, and who likes to be in the office, "which," he says, "is a great pleasure to me again to talk to persons of quality, and to be in command;"* a man limited in his views and education, who can see nothing in Hudibras at a time that the whole nation is in laughter over it, and who goes to church more to see the fashion than to pray; indeed, whose chief topic of remark is the dress and the looks of people; a spiteful man, who, on losing a silver tankard, and hearing that his servant has had a clock stolen at the same time, writes: "I hear that my man Will hath lost his clock with my tankard, *at which I am very glad;*" a covetous man, who, on seeing a dog follow him, would steal it; "and," he says, "I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me, but I could not, which troubled me." Here, in these outcroppings of his nature we read the man, his foibles and frailties. Still, they reveal him as he is. We become intimate with one more specimen of humanity; we learn to know his kind the better, for we know that the world contains many such. The aspirations of a saint or a hero may be more ennobling; but even a sordid nature has its lesson to teach.

But far different from the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys are the journals of Maurice and Eugenie de Guérin. Each writes for the eye of the other; each speaks the language of the heart. Maurice (1810–1839), in his journal, has one central sentiment. It is a profound and universal sentiment of nature. He has sympathy with an atom. "Silence enfolds me; everything seeks repose, except my pen, which haply disturbs the slumber of some living atom, asleep in the leaves of my notebook, for it makes its own little noise scratching these foolish thoughts. Well, let it cease, then; for what I write, have written, and shall write, can never be weighed against the sleep of an atom." He would see nature work; he would be present at the imparting of life. "The germinating grain puts forth life in two contrary directions, the plumule grows upward, the rootlet downward: I would like to be the insect that takes up its quarters, and lives in the rootlet. I would take my post at the extreme tip of the roots, and watch the powerful action of the pores drawing in life; I would observe the life passing from the fruitful bosom of some earthy atom into the pores, which like so many mouths, evoke and woo it by melodious calls. I would be witness of the ineffable love with which life rushes to the arms of the being that invokes it, and of the joy of that being."* His sensibility was too great, his nerves too weak, to bear the pressure of this sentiment. It crushed out of him a whole world of thought. It nipped the buds of Christian sentiments that flourished in his heart under the fostering care of Lammenais—M. Féli (he used familiarity) call him—in his better days. And his soul grew sickly. "In his weariness," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "he embraced the stem of his lilac as the sole being in the world against which he could lean his faltering nature, as the only thing capable of supporting his embraces."† Introspection so terminating is unhealthy. For such a one the only remedy is to be up and doing. But Maurice de Guérin is a

* July 24th, 1661.

* September 29th, 1835. † Memoir.

representative man. He was the child of a spirit that characterizes the age, and by which it is

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

This spirit of revery and introspection is the death of all activity. It undermines the energies of the soul, and leaves it a desert waste.

But Maurice need not have sought consolation in a lilac stem. He had a dear sister who was his guardian spirit. Her prayers, her sighs were ever for him. She watched over him with a mother's solicitude and a sister's yearning. And her tears and prayers had the consolation of bringing him out of his torpor. She tells him that she loves him not so much for this world as for the next; for heaven, the place of love.* Eugénie also penned a journal, in which she has left some of her beautiful soul. And a sweeter, dearer, more sisterly soul it was never given man to see revealed in a journal. If Maurice is absorbed in his love for nature, Eugénie is absorbed in Maurice. He is her whole thought, the inspiration of her pen. And how beautifully does she not revel, so to speak, in her descriptions of nature. She is happy as the sunshine she loves—as the flowers she describes—with the pure love for nature and her brother that fills her soul, both the one and the other overshadowed by love for the God of her heart, who is also the God of Catholicity.

3. It has been seen that Maurice de Guérin was oppressed by a sentiment. We now treat of a fragment that shows the author to have been oppressed by thought. It is the *Pensées* of Pascal. Written in his last years—often dictated to a faithful servant—the ideas stated in this profound work are fragmentary—sometimes the last word of a long train of reasoning, sometimes a first impression. On account of their desultory character they appear at times in their isolated condition now exaggerated, now paradoxical, again inadequate to the idea, and frequently more pointed and startling than truthful. They were intended to embody a refutation of atheism, such that the atheist could not appeal from it. "Pascal," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "was a great mind and a great heart; what great minds are always not? and all that he did in the order of mind and of heart, bears a seal of invention and originality that attests strength and depth, and an ardent and infuriated pursuit of truth."* We grant him genius and heart, but it was not given him to achieve the work which he of all men was most capable to achieve. He had damaged religion by the *Lettres Provinciales*, that masterpiece of sophistry, as Schlegel correctly characterizes them, and in doing so had rendered himself unworthy of the honor of building up an invulnerable bulwark in her defence.

But if Pascal's intellect was oppressed by thought, so that his *Pensées* may be regarded as so many sighs and groans with which it yearned to know, St. Augustine's heart was weighed down with his life, and in his *Confessions* gave vent to the all-absorbing thought of God's greatness and goodness, and his own littleness. There he tells the story of a heart too great to find a home anywhere outside of God, and whilst he speaks, his capacious intellect is ever grasping for the reasons of things, catching at every fact by which it may raise itself nearer to the solution of the riddle of the world.

In our own day has lived a man, versed in the various questionings of modern times, in whom has been concentrated the whole skepticism of the age. He also is oppressed with the riddle of the world. But the faith whence St. Augustine drew his light and comfort is to him old and worn, and no longer adequate to solve the new problems that time has

* "Car voyez-vous, je n'aime pas pour ce monde: c'est le ciel, le lieu d'amour."

* Causeries du Lundi, Mars 20, 1852.

thrust upon the attention of man. In the pages of *Der Alte und der Neue Glaube*, is to be found none of the glowing earnestness of St. Augustine's *Confessions*. In the stead, there is a gloom, a sense of helplessness and of no hope of help, and a calm. But it is the calm of despair. It is the calm of one who is conscious of a growing danger, awaits it unmoved, and accepts the consequences. Read this summing up of his position:

"The loss of the belief in Providence belongs, indeed, to the most sensible deprivations which are connected with a renunciation of Christianity. In the enormous machine of the universe, and the incessant whirl and hiss of its jagged iron wheels, amid the deafening crash of its ponderous stamps and hammers, in the midst of this whole terrific commotion, man, a helpless and defenceless creature, finds himself placed with no security, not for a single moment, that in some unforeseen moment a wheel may not lay hold of him, and tear him asunder, or a hammer crush him to atoms in its descent. This sense of abandonment is at first something awful. But then what avails it to have recourse to an illusion? Our wish is impotent to refashion the world. . . . . Our God does not indeed take us into his arms from the outside, but he unseals the wellsprings of consolation within our own bosoms. He shows us that although Chance would be an unreasonable ruler, yet that Necessity or the enchainment of Causes in the world, is Reason herself. He teaches us to perceive that to demand an exception in the accomplishment of a single natural law, would be to demand the destruction of the universe. Imperceptibly he leads us to perceive that the form of our frame of mind is conditioned only by external circumstances, that its substance of happiness or unhappiness, however, is derived from within."*

When Strauss penned these words, he knew not how insupportable self were without a Providence. And the world he has pictured is the reprobate world the Christian prays and labors to avoid. *Der Alte und der Neue Glaube* is the product not simply of Strauss, but also of the skepticism of which he is a recognized exponent.

Another leader of thought, ten years previously, penned a word that for twenty years had been burning within him. John Henry Newman wrote the *Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ*. He finds that "outside the Catholic Church things are tending to atheism in one shape or other."* Were it not for the strong voice within him, that a God is, he would follow the tendency. "I am speaking for myself only; and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society and the course of history; but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice."† He shrinks, as from a precipice, from the cold skepticism of the day. His whole nature is cast in a religious mould. His early life was a reaction against the liberalism, and ultimately the atheism, into which he saw and felt that Protestant Christianity was fast drifting. The *Apologia* is a vindication of that life. With breathless anxiety was the book read by the numerous friends absorbed in his life; who had for years followed his every beck, who had clung to his lips, and caught and hoarded up every word that fell therefrom; who had cherished every idea he put upon paper, and revered him as their guide and master. Eagerly and anxiously did friend and foe follow every step, and the motives for every movement that this great controversialist had made, from the day he graduated at Oxford to that memorable day of the

* Der Alte und der Neue Glaube, Appendix, § 108.

* Apologia, 2d ed., p. 244. † Ibid., p. 241.

23d of February, 1846; after which he could write: "From the time that I became a Catholic, of course, I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. . . . I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I never have had one doubt."* No book for a quarter of a century created such a stir as did the *Apologia*. But no name has more influence in England to-day. As the psychological study of one of the acutest minds of this or any other age, the *Apologia* is a great book, always worthy of a thoughtful reader. It has been urged against the author that in his works he is in general too digressive. But in this imputed weakness lies his strength. It is the characteristic of Plato. But in neither the one nor the other does the digressiveness interfere with the making of the point in view. Each likes to think in the concrete; neither wearies of accumulating probabilities. Each differs in this respect from Brownson, who, in his masterly style, delights in handling principles. But there is one point on which all agree concerning John Henry Newman, namely, that he is the greatest master of English prose in the whole range of English writers.

A young man, with good education, thinks he can live without a formal religious belief. He imagines he finds everything in philosophy. Reverses come upon him. In 1820 he is imprisoned for being an active member of the Carbonari. In the solitude of his prison, the faith in which his mother had taken such pains to raise him, returns to his soul with all the ardor of a first love; he sees things in a different light from that with which he had looked upon them in the hours of his prosperity. He embraces the practice of Christianity. "Christianity," he says, "instead of undoing in me whatever of good philosophy had done, confirmed it, strengthened it, with reasons more elevated and powerful."* After ten years' sufferings he was pardoned, and in 1833 presented to the world that charming and open recital of his thoughts and words known to all as *Le mie Prigione*. Silvio Pellico wrote this work to show that in all stations of life, among the criminals and outcasts, human nature has still its good parts, and that no mortal ought to be hated.† It everywhere breathes a spirit of gentleness and resignation. Throughout the book there were in an undertone these words that break out at the last page: "Ah, for past misfortunes, and for the present contentment, as well as for all the good and the evil from which I will be preserved, blessed be Providence, who maketh men and things, willingly or unwillingly, admirable instruments of ends worthy of him!"‡

In this brief outlook, we have found men, some of them uttering to themselves their most cherished thoughts, others unreserved with their friends, others again oppressed by an idea they considered the world entitled to know, and unburdening themselves of it; we have contemplated some of the inner workings of that complicated being called *man;* we have noticed each soul shaping its course, and directing its actions according to the manner in which it comprehends the meaning and value of life; and, in contemplating the mazy windings of life running through apparent inconsistencies and contradictions, we learn to forbear in passing judgment upon any one, leaving it to Him who alone knows the workings of the soul in its inmost recesses.

* Apologia, p. 238, ch. v, 2d ed.

* Le mie Prigione, cap. vi, p. 17.
† Ibid., Introduction. ‡ Ibid, p. 286.

THREE STORIES.

"He must have been a convict!"

"Yes, he always walks as if he had irons attached to his heels."

"And then, *such* a furtive manner!"

"And, la me, how careless about his clothes, and beard, and all that!"

"And he never talks in company; just sits and gazes at every one, as if he would gaze through their souls!"

"Yes, and Nell says his room has such queer things in it; a tent folded up, and a camp-stool, and a flock-bed, and all kinds of arms; and pictures of people in the most outlandish costumes; and shells and stones of every sort!"

"And she told me, there's one picture on the wall near his bed, a picture of the loveliest girl!"

"*I* wouldn't listen to the chambermaid's tales, girls. Come here, Elsie. What have you got?"

They were a group of fashionably dressed girls, chatting in an arbor, which was one of the belongings of a "first-class" boarding-house, just outside of the city. Elsie was a little child about five years old, painfully approaching this arbor on crutches, and holding carefully in one hand some object, the contemplation of which appeared to give her intense delight. From it she raised her eyes, dark violet, and thrilling in expression, probably from suffering, as eyes of children will be when they are the "windows" of innocent souls on which the cross has laid its impress. They met those of the last speaker as they were raised, and the look must have touched some tender chord in her heart, for she said,

"Poor little thing! Don't be afraid; I'll take it from you."

"Pshaw!" cried one of the others, a darkly beautiful girl, with no soul in her almost faultless face; "don't bother with her, Lute. Let her go to her mother!"

"Yes, and we want to talk about that phenomenon which has come among us this summer, and little pitchers have big ears!" cried another.

But the one called "Lute" (and the name sounded as if it were made expressly for the person, if sweetness of look could claim that which bespoke sweetness of sound), stooped gently over the child, who began to shrink away, evidently understanding all that has been said.

"Let me see it, dear," she said; "*I* want you here, and when I've seen it, I'll take you for a walk, and tell you a story."

The hearts of the violet eyes held gold now in the light that leaped to them. The little bit of a wasted hand opened slowly, and showed in its white palm a tiny, pink-tinted shell, so dainty and so perfectly shaped that it might have been taken for a curled-up rose-leaf lying there.

"Mr. Shawe gave it to me," she said; "and he told me, oh! a lovely story of the sea away off it comes out of, and how the bed of it's full of queen's things, and the sand is gold, and the roof is light, and this is a leaf off a flower that a princess loved."

"Likes children," said the dark beauty, toying with her scarlet sash that wandered over her black dress in brilliant rivulets of sheen, caught here and there by a jet pin that enhanced its stylish effect.

"*He* saw the lovely sea," pursued the child; "and he said if I put this to my ear, it would sing to me of it. Listen!" and deftly supporting her crutch against the lattice-work near, she held it to the ear of the one called Lute, with a pretty look of delight that forgot all insinuations as to her going away.

"It sings," she said then, softly, "sings, sings."

"Sings, sings," repeated the one called Lute, in a voice like her name. "What will you do with it, dear?"

"Keep it, and when I am sorry get it to sing for me," said the child in a dreaming tone. "Mr. Shawe said some hearts sang that way all the time, and—"

"Go on," whispered Lute.

"If one could only keep such a heart for his own, life would be very sweet."

"Yes," said Lute. "Come, walk now, poor little pet."

"And you'll tell me the story!" cried the child, eagerly, as she fixed her crutch under her arm. "And please make it about some one that kept a heart that sang."

Then the one called Lute stood up to go, thereby making a picture of herself, which was a very fair one of a slight and dainty figure, becomingly but unpretendingly draped in soft gray, with a knot of rose blushing in mists of lace at wrists and neck; the head crowned with sunny coils of brown hair, in which a rosebud or two nestled as if they sought the light hidden therein, and would coax it out; and the face, all its bloom, and youth, and beauty of outline, tenderly held captive in a downward look of pity at the little creature helplessly making her way through the entrance of the summer-house.

"He 's travelled," said the dark beauty, when the two had disappeared down the garden-walk; "that 's evident as that he has worn iron on his heels."

"Oh, yes," said a beauty of the classic style, "he told papa he had been all over the world; and brother Charley says you can't mention any place he cannot describe for you."

"Then he talks," indignantly cried a creature, exquisitely "gotten up" in cerulean blue, with blonde hair, and pink face to match; "talks to—men?"

"Oh my, yes! Papa says he never heard a more interesting talker, and you know he is a pretty good judge, having travelled himself, and met many distinguished people."

"He don't care to talk to ladies, anyhow," decided another; "but maybe he's ashamed of his clothes."

"He must be a very lazy man, to spend all his time lounging round here, and doing nothing, and of course he needs to do something, for if he were well off he wouldn't dress so shabbily," was the decision of another of the group.

"But how can he afford to stay at a house like this?" was the query that then naturally arose.

"Maybe he don't pay his bills," the charitable conclusion drawn.

"Pshaw! catch *our* landlady taking any boarder without good security!" the next remark ventured on this evidently knotty subject.

"I guess he's a prince in disguise. Girls, did he ever try to pay any of you any attention?" now rose to the surface from a pair of very rosy lips.

"Never!" chorussed the others.

"Lute 's away; Nell says she heard him ask Lute to ride with him once, when she was cleaning the hall. Lute 's crazy about scenery and that kind of thing, you know, and he offered to take her over the mountain."

"And she?"

"Refused promptly! How do any of us know but that he *has* been a convict. It was Lute first thought it, too."

Straight down the path was coming a figure; they saw it too late. The look of intense pain that swept over the astonished countenance showed that the last words had wounded ears not meant to hear them. It was a beautiful, nay, noble countenance, with a man's soul stamped proudly thereon; but eyes of beauties discussing it could not see that, because the luxuriant brown beard was not trimmed in the latest style, and the waving brown

hair fell in waves that were careless and innocent of pomade or barber's magic touch. The figure was large and well built, but all its power as well as grace were concealed by the ill-made garments in which it was clad; and the walk had a peculiar shambling gait, truly like that of one "dragging irons." The whole effect, notwithstanding the beauty of the face, was, to say the mildest of it, not charming. It came slowly on, this figure of the subject of their gossip, and, pausing at the entrance of the summer-house, looked straight at the group seated there, saying, very quietly, but with a certain dignity of manner not to be assumed by one of low birth or breeding:

"Excuse me, ladies. I unavoidably heard what was not meant for my ear. All I can do, in atonement, is to make this acknowledgment," and, with a low bow, he withdrew, appearing to drag, as he went, an unusual load of irons.

"Heavens! I can almost hear them clanking!" cried a beauty under her breath.

"But, gracious! isn't it too awful that he heard us!" cried another.

"Well, he never denied it!" cried a third.

"So he must be, or have been, a convict!" was the universal conclusion.

Which conclusion echoed from these pretty lips to others equally as pretty, but over which no whisper holding a lofty thought was ever wafted, swiftly assumed the form of fact, and finally was told as fact in all the places where gossip called these prattling lips to ply their fatal, but, oh! so charmingly disguised work. And in this way, and from such foundation, grew the "First Story about Launcelot Shawe," that he had been a convict across the water, and came to America after travelling everywhere else in vain to hide his identity. You will say, it was not logical to draw such a conclusion from such premises, but you must remember that gossip knows not logic; and if you further remonstrate that truth and justice were laid aside in such a story, I need only remind you that to these gossip is a well-known and ancient enemy. Then, with your permission, I will pass on to the Second Story.

II.

"It sings! it sings!" the little voice was chanting softly, for Elsie had the arbor all to herself, and sat perched upon the seat where the dark beauty had held forth yesterday. The pink shell was being pressed to her tiny ear, and her face was telling the story of her childish delight. The crutches lay idle on the floor as something cast away, and the glory of the sunshine stole tenderly through the lattice-work, defiant of the shadow of the vine, and lit the brown of her bent head. Upon the picture thus made of the little creature, came the awkward, shambling figure, which stood gazing at it with a look wherein pity almost divine was blended with pleasure heartily human.

"It sings! it sings!" again sweetly broke from the baby-heart.

"What does it sing, Elsie?" the tone was so gentle, it scarcely startled her. She looked up, and the look was love unmistakable. The man, who was such a mystery, then came over to her, took her tenderly in his arms, and lifting her up to his shoulder, seated her there.

"Queen Elsie's throne!" and he laughed as a light-hearted boy might laugh. "Say from your height, *what* it sings, sweet queen."

"The story of the heart that sang, and some one kept it."

"Tell us while it sings."

"Oh! yes, oh! yes," and she fell to chanting softly again in tiny measures. "It sings, it sings. The heart said 'Love,' and all the world then sang, then sang, and then he stooped, to take, to take. The heart that sang, because its world all sang, all sang. Who was he?" stopping in her quaint

little chant to descend to prose. "She didn't say any name, only he."

"That was the name then," but his voice spoke a quivering heart, a heart that was thrilled to the core. "Who told the story?"

"Lute, of course," chanting again. "Of course, of course. He took the heart, but never saw it in his hand, and never knew it was his own, his own, his own;" the sweet, sweet voice dropped softly here like an echo of itself. "But still it sang, and e'er it sang, 'I am thy own, thy own, thy own.' He heard the song; he heard the song, but never knew it spoke to him, and never knew the heart was his, and yet, and yet he kept the heart. Ah! me, ah! me, he kept the heart."

The shell was here held to his ear. "Listen, don't it tell all that? What do you think he did with the heart? and was he a prince? But of course he was. And was the heart a heart standing out by itself, or in a princess?"

"In a princess," said a very, very muffled tone.

"And why didn't he know the heart was his, the heart was his?"

"Because," promptly answered the muffled tone, "he was blind, let us say."

"Oh! yes, couldn't see, and didn't know it was the heart he picked up."

"Precisely."

"But he wasn't deaf, was he? Didn't he hear the song?"

"Let us suppose," surmised the muffled tone, "that the song was in an unknown tongue; that's the only way to account for the fact of its being sung, and at the same time of his freedom from deafness, yet his perfect want of knowledge that 'he kept the heart, he kept the heart.'"

She stroked his brown, careless waves of hair, and a rippling laugh came from her heart.

"Wasn't he stupid, don't you think?" said she.

"Yes, that certainly entered into his list of infirmities, whatever may be said of his deafness or blindness, either."

"I think—I think," this was a very confidential whisper, "his name wasn't he, prince; he wouldn't sound right, you know, and *I* believe Lute could have told his name."

"Why?"

"When I asked her, she said, 'Oh! only the heart of all the world knows that,' and her face got nice and red like roses; and then she said, 'Yes, of all the world;' but she didn't say that to me, you know; she said it to herself. I love Lute, don't you?"

A stoppage of speech seemed to affect the listener, for he made a very wild effort at utterance, which resulted in nothing at all in the way of sound.

"Of course," pursued Elsie, "she *can't* tell *you* stories, and carry you over all the rough places on the path, and show you how feet that ache and won't walk without crutches, are only like the feet that ached and had to walk up Mount Calvary; and she can't tell *you*, when you're sent to bed and are afraid, and your mother is gone to the ball, about the angels that stay, and so nothing can touch you."

"No, not just so."

"Because you can walk without crutches, and you don't be afraid in the dark, and I suppose *you* don't need angels."

"Ah! how well God knows I do."

This was a burst of genuine feeling from the very depths of a man's touched heart, than which God's wide creation owns no more beautiful spectacle.

"Did he send you any?" in a hushed and wondering tone.

"Yes, two. Dearie, there are feet that ache, which people see not, and rough places to pass, of which such as you cannot understand, and there is a 'dark' I *am* afraid to face, out of which one angel has brought me often."

"And you love Lute with me; she's the angel."

"I do. She is."

That was all just then. But out of it, the third story found life.

III.

It was in this wise:

"Did you refuse to ride with me the other day, because you fancied I was a convict, Miss Lute?"

"Certainly not," and a soft crimson mist rose to her cheeks, while her eyes drooped. "I never thought it. I could not think it. But I promised my mother, when she let me come here, that I would not ride with any gentleman."

"And you could not think I was a convict. Why?"

"Because," she hesitated, "let me tell truth, Mr. Shawe, without fear of your calling it mere compliment.. I have found in you a soul above meanness."

"And must all convicts necessarily be mean?"

"It would be a miraculous case to find one not so."

"Let us suppose a case. Weigh the story well in your mind, for more than a mere opinion is held in your answer to the question at the end. Ten years ago, in the busy city of London, a young man found himself standing on the threshold of life, fortune, a fair share of talent, a good appearance, and influence all at his command. But he had no sweet tie of love to bind him to a family circle of warm hearts; he stood alone. Now, in the past, spent in school and college, this isolated heart had learned to love a friend who once saved his life at the risk of his own; who truly became to him as a brother, and whom he held in his heart as one. It was strange, too, that these friends resembled each other in look, though not the most distant relationship existed between them. They were called by their companions in school 'the accidental twins,' and many a mistake, as well as many a jest, was perpetrated through the fact of their strange likeness to each other.

"Five years from their entrance into manhood, saw the first still isolated, but the second had married a beautiful woman, and become the father of two lovely children. He was not rich like his friend, but earned a comfortable, nay, respectable income by the practice of the law, and their home was a little Eden of love and happiness. But every Eden has its serpent, and into this crept one most dread. His beautiful wife excited his jealousy by the admiration she received from all who met her, either in society, or her own house, where distinguished legal men often met for the pleasant, intellectual enjoyment to be found there. The truth must be told; her vanity accepted it too complacently, though no actual wrong could be found in her conduct. She too evidently enjoyed the homage she received, for the patience of a jealous man to bear it, and he grew more and more suspicious every day. At last a day came, when, heated with wine, he resented a toast drank in his wife's honor by one of his guests, threw a glass in his face, gave him the lie, and challenged him. When the next morning this man was found all but murdered in his bed, and his challenger's hands and clothes were discovered to be stained with blood; when, in the latter's room, a bloody knife was discovered, which corresponded to the character of the victim's wounds, it is not strange that he was arrested. Neither is it strange that he was found guilty of attempt to kill, and sentenced to transportation, fearful sentence, which beggared his family, and deprived them of husband and father all at one blow. His friend could not bear the despair and remorse of his wife, the tears and innocent prayers of his little children. He determined to save him, if need be at the sacrifice of that life he owed to the prisoner. Ah! he was called upon to sacrifice

what was dearer, honor, an unstained name."

There was a pause, a gentle, softly regretful, yet proudly reliant pause; a pause that held her heart in its hush, quite as truly as the singing shell held its song for the child. On the spell of this pause, fell the words:

"He sacrificed them—all, all. After striving in many ways to effect his friend's release, he at last went to the prison to seek him, and said: 'There is but one way, John; my resemblance to you will enable me to take your place. Go to those who need you—I am not needed outside this prison?'

"He remonstrated long, but finally, at mention of his children's cries for him, consented. They changed clothes, and he who had been free was now the prisoner. What would you say of such a convict as that?"

"I would not name him convict, but hero!" was the proud reply, given with flashing eye and rose-lit cheek.

Then a look met hers, whereof the meaning cannot be put into words, but which, rejected back from her eyes, told an old, old beautiful story to both hearts, far better than any language could have done. So a pause and a silence ensued, of which neither had to wonder at the cause, and during which, neither "took note of time."

After this:

"It is about a year, now, since the convict escaped from his thraldom, and found his way to the dwelling of his friend, living in elegant style on the fortune he had given him, as part of his sacrifice; living in a home far from his old one, purchased by it, and to which it had enabled him to remove his family secretly. Can you believe it, you, whose lofty heart calls this convict a hero! His friend refused to recognize him; treated him as a madman; and when, with the hunger of a wounded heart for love, he begged him to acknowledge *him*, and keep all the wealth that made him fear to do so, he had him forcibly ejected from the house by his servants! Ah! there was murder in the heart of the convict that night! God must have sent him some good angel, that it was not done!"

"The angel of his own lofty deeds in the past," breathed, rather than spoke, the young girl.

"He retired to a spot not far from the magnificent home of the craven, to meditate some complete and sure revenge. He gloated on it night and day. He had plenty of money, amassed, as convicts can amass it, if they wish, and so he did not need to work. With a demon in his heart, he entered where two angels stayed. A little, suffering child, was one, and a young girl, who dwelt amongst the false and worldly with unspotted soul, and who daily showed the cross to the little child, was the other. This young girl did not act out any wonderful mission, nor did she seem to exert any extraordinary influence, but her life breathed purity, and her words, simple in themselves, elevated the heart to God. He drew near—he listened—he drank in new knowledge. He learned that aching feet are only like feet that ached on Calvary's mount; that injustice here is only sharing the fate of a God; that persecution is only his crown to those he elects his own from the beginning; that angels are with us in 'the dark;' and that all weeping hearts may hide in his. He gave up his revenge—he laid his wrong at the foot of the cross. What do you think of that convict now? His story is ended."

"I think—I think," and the sweet voice came like a whisper from a soul that saw heaven, "he is more than a hero now, he is one of God's truly elect, and his heart is a sacred thing in God's keeping!"

"Then take it from his hand, for I am the convict, and I place it at

your feet; your love, the only earthly gift I crave from him now."

"My beloved! Oh! my God, I thank you!"

That was the answer.

There could be a Fourth Story, but of course you know what it is. Elsie softly chants it in this wise:

"The heart that sang, The heart that sang, He sees it now, He sees it now, It is his own, It is his own, And God looks on, And God looks on! The heart is glad! And *he* is glad! At last! At last! It is God's work!"

They say she will be a poetess.

But her face is very spiritual, and her frame very wasted, and her eyes all soul, and I think our little singer will soon find her place amongst the singers in a certain choir, whereof the song is—Love! Ah! eager, young heart, reading this, *God is Love;* and some day that knows no night, that love will make heaven. Let this truth rest in your beautiful, unruffled depths, and life will be a crown to create you royal there.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Alone, dear Lord, alone with thee
In the holy twilight shadows!
Thy winds blow up so peacefully
Across the quiet meadows,
And bring such wondrous thoughts of thee.
Dear Lord, how good thou art to me!

The river's darkling course is spanned
By thy moon's silvery brightness,
And far across the silent land,
I trace its shining whiteness.
Come down, dear Lord, come down to me!
Such paths alone are fit for thee!

Nay, nay, my Lord! my words are wild.
I stand confused before thee!
Come not to me—O undefiled,
Whose countless hosts adore thee!
I am not fit to welcome thee,
If thou hadst deigned to come to me.

And yet, O Lord, I long, I long!
My soul is sick of sinning.
O thou in whom the weak are strong!
Thou love from the beginning!
This do, I pray thee. Work in me
Thy will that I may go to thee!

Let me wait here, where I have known
A shadowof thy sweetness.
Seal me, dear Lord, thy very own.
Complete my incompleteness.
Then, then, O stretch thy hand to me,
And lead me up that path to thee!

TOM MOORE.

THERE is no name more cherished by the lovers of Irish literature than that of Thomas Moore. Before the time of Moore, Ireland produced poets who increased the treasures of English literature; but, though Irish by birth, they were English in their instincts and aspirations. The Parnells, the Roscommons, and the Goldsmiths were English by habit, English in their thoughts, feelings, and sympathies. They forgot the land of their birth in the land of their adoption; and deaf to the cries of the oppressed, they celebrated the praises of the oppressor. England was their earthly paradise; England their glory. Even Goldsmith, with all his simplicity, all his pathos, all his tenderness, and all his sympathy for misery and suffering, had not a word of praise for the land in which he was born and educated, while he eulogized Englishmen as "the lords of human kind." The manly and sturdy Englishman, Samuel Johnson, had more sympathy for Ireland than the author of *The Deserted Village* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, whose statue by the chisel of Foley adorns the entrance of Trinity College in the Irish metropolis. Moore, however, did not follow the example of the Parnells and Goldsmiths. No matter what distant climes he visited, he never forgot the land that nursed his fame and cradled his glory; no matter in what foreign capital he sojourned, the green hills of Erin never sank on his horizon. Ireland—the cause of Irish freedom—was his first and his last inspiration. He was the first great national poet of whom Ireland could boast since the heroic race of her old bards became extinct. Irish in genius, Irish in thought, feeling, and expression, Irish in filial affection, Irish in passionate love of country, Moore was pre-eminently the bard of Erin. Emerging from the darkness of the penal code, he at once became the poet of all circles and the idol of his own, the eloquent champion of his country's rights, and the fearless denouncer of her wrongs. He restrung the national harp, and called forth once more its sweetest and boldest strains. He rescued his country's ancient music from utter extinction, and wedded it to verse worthy of its origin and dignity, its beauty and strength, its sweetness and tenderness. He embalmed in imperishable verse those beautiful airs which possessed the magic power of consoling a suffering people in their sorrows and afflictions, and of charming the wounds inflicted by their cruel persecutors. He sang the joys and sorrows, the hopes and aspirations, the triumphs and misfortunes of his countrymen with the spirit, feeling, and patriotic fire of a true Irish poet, and celebrated their valor and heroism, their fidelity and piety, in strains so sweet, so pathetic, so melancholy, so enchanting, that they awakened the sympathy of foreign nations for the sad fate of Ireland. The lament of the national muse was heard on the plains of the stranger, and the song of the harp was sent o'er the deep, kindling the fire of patriotism in the breasts of the oppressed, and increasing the number of the friends and champions of freedom:

> "The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
> The song of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep."

So sang Moore in one of his earliest songs, and he lived to see the prediction verified. His fame is inseparably associated with the virtues and misfortunes of his country, and as long as poetry has charms for mankind, the *Irish Melodies* will be read, remembered, and sung by all who love wit and fancy, eloquence and imagination, graceful diction

and harmonious versification. The pure and lofty sentiments of patriotism and virtue that breathe through them will be felt as long as "rivers roll and woods are green." The *Melodies* are the richest and most finished collection of songs the world has ever seen. In melody and flexibility of diction and versification, in graceful and appropriate imagery, in brilliant wit, racy humor, deep feeling, and patriotic enthusiasm, they are not surpassed by the most finished lyric productions of the ancient or modern world. The sublimity of Pindar, the grace and sweetness of Sappho, the energy, conciseness, and vivid imagery of Alcæus, the elegance of Horace, the fiery enthusiasm of Beranger, the humor and pathos of Burns, the classical finish of Gray, and the martial fire of Campbell, have won the praise and extorted the admiration of acute and eloquent critics; but these different qualities and beauties of style can be found in the exquisite songs of Moore. Neither Greece, nor Rome, nor France, nor England, nor Scotland has produced any lyric poet equal in united excellence to the bard of Erin. Sublimity is not the prevailing beauty of his songs, but he is sometimes as sublime as Pindar. He was unequal to the task of producing a battle-piece that could rival Campbell's Hohenlinden, but he surpasses the latter in the abundance and variety of his lyrical productions. He has no war-song equal in concentrated energy of expression to that heroic strain of Burns: "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" but in richness and variety of imagery, graceful and musical diction, classical finish, and extent of knowledge, he was superior to the rustic bard of Scotland. In genius, taste, vigor, elegance, harmony of numbers, and felicity of expression, he resembles Horace, the greatest lyric poet of pagan Rome. The odes of Horace are the most durable monument of his fame; the noblest inspirations of Moore are his *Irish Melodies*. Horace skilfully and felicitously adapted the graceful and flowing measures of the lyric muse of Greece to the stately and inflexible Latin language. In the hands of Moore the harsh and discordant English language became flexible, soft, and musical. All the treasures of sweet sound were at his command. He surpassed Milton in his power over the English language. He surpassed Horace in originality, versatility of intellect, and brilliant and copious imagery. The *Irish Melodies* are so finished, expressive, and musical in language and versification, that an effort to improve them would be as vain as

> "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> Or add fresh perfume to the violet."

They are the joy and delight of youth and manhood, the cheering consolation of old age. They have winged their way to every clime, and have been translated into every tongue. The correct language and versification which Moore employed in their composition improved and purified the public taste. Their publication heralded the dawn of a new era for Irish literature. They elevated the character of English song-writing, and exalted the standard of taste and imitation. When Moore first touched the chords of the national harp, many sweet Irish airs had been disgraced by poetry unworthy of their energy, depth, and tenderness. The coarse and vulgar language and thoughts of English song-writers were nearly as fatal to Irish minstrelsy as the deadly and destructive pressure of the accursed penal code. The penal laws vitiated the national taste, and this sad result of a barbarous policy increased the evil of the degrading connection of Irish music with the coarse language of anti-Irish songsters — language which was as injurious to literature as to public morals. The spirit of the ancient muse of the island seemed to be

dead, song and sense were divorced, and many good Irishmen despaired for many years of witnessing their union again at the close of the eighteenth century in Ireland. "When I first tried my novice hand at the lyre," said Moore, "the divorce between song and sense had reached its utmost range; and to all verses connected with music, from a birthday ode down to the libretto of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution which Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs in general: 'Ce qui ne vant pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante.'" At a time when words without sense passed current for the genuine inspirations of the lyric muse, the merit of Moore was soon appreciated, and his zeal for the preservation of his country's music encouraged by patriotic and educated Irishmen. Its preservation in his national lyrics seemed to be providential. It was fast sinking into the grave of oblivion, when with patriotic pride he rescued it from the general wreck of his country's hopes and liberties, and made it known and popular in lands where the name of Erin was seldom previously heard or mentioned. True, Hardiman and Bunting are entitled to the lasting gratitude of Irishmen for their patriotic labors in collecting some of the most valuable relics of the ancient poetry and music of Ireland. But the zeal and intelligent research of even Hardiman and Bunting would have been only partially successful, without a patriot poet capable of adapting appropriate words to the sweet airs which they had so laboriously and faithfully collected, and of making the poetry sympathize with the music. Hence the universal suffrage of his countrymen has bestowed upon Moore the proud distinction of being called the bard of Erin, not only because he was her greatest poet, but because he wedded her music to deathless song, and made it immortal as the shamrock on her green hills. By purifying public taste, he rendered lasting services to the literature of his country. In his *Melodies* he has supplied the song-writers of each succeeding generation with models of taste and standards of excellence. Those immortal songs, however, accomplished much more than the improvement and elevation of Irish song-writing. They were instrumental in advancing the great cause of Catholic emancipation by creating a sympathy for the sufferings of Ireland in the higher classes of English society. They stimulated the patriotic ardor of the millions who hung with rapture on the inspiring accents of O'Connell and Sheil. How often did these mighty orators lend force to their arguments, and kindle the patriotic enthusiasm of the people by felicitous quotations from the *Irish Melodies!* They were sung by the humbler classes as well as by the wealthy and educated. They were the most read, the best remembered, and the most frequently quoted productions of the natural muse, since the race of the old Irish bards became extinct. In the gorgeous drawing-rooms and saloons of England they charmed all tastes, and calmed the angry and vindictive passions of the hereditary foes of Ireland. In those plaintive strains her cause was pleaded in accents more pathetic and persuasive than the eloquence of Grattan, O'Connell, and Sheil. It is said that the Duke of Wellington, whose military experience was not calculated to soften his heart, shed tears when the last lines of that famous song, in which Moore commemorates the great warrior's glory, were sung in his presence in one of the fashionable drawing-rooms of London. These are the lines which brought tears to the eyes of the Iron Duke:

"And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, ev'n thou hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.

At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,
And, bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"

Moore boasts that fourteen years after the first appearance of this stanza the Duke of Wellington recommended to the throne the great measure of Catholic Emancipation. Never before did music and song win such triumphs in the cause of freedom. Armed only with his harp, the Irish minstrel subdued the world of fashion, and by his enchanting strains, won the proud nobles of England to his country's cause.

At the music of the lyre of Orpheus —to borrow the beautiful language of ancient Greek poetry—the wheel of Ixion stopped, Tantalus forgot the thirst that tormented him, the vulture ceased to prey on the vitals of Tityus, and the stern Pluto became pliant and merciful. But the Irish harp worked miracles as great as those of the Greek lyre. It was as difficult for Moore to awaken sympathy for Ireland in England as it was Orpheus to civilize by the tones of his lyre the early race of men. The musical triumphs of Orpheus, however, are mythical—the beautiful traditions of an imaginative people who made even fable instructive. The musical victories of Moore were real—not the echoes of pagan mythology. His songs were consecrated to recollections of the ancient glories, valor, beauty, and sufferings of a country honored in the archives of civilization—once the light of Europe and still the glory of Christendom. The severity of the most refined literary criticism only discovers new beauties in them, time only increases their popularity, genius reads and studies them only to bestow new praises upon them. Horace, in his glowing panegyric of Pindar, says that the poet who would rival him is destined to fail as ignominiously as Icarus, who endeavored to fly with artificial wings—wings made by his father, Dædalus. Horace's eulogy, however, of the Dircæan swan might be bestowed with more propriety upon Moore. Pindar, who is proverbial for his sublimity, is often obscure, often abrupt, fond of digression, and negligent of unity. But whether grave or gay, whether mirthful or melancholy, Moore is always perspicuous and felicitous in expression. Whether he sings the glories of Malachi and Brien the Brave, or mourns the tragic death of Robert Emmet, or weeps with Sarah Curran, "far from the land where her young hero sleeps," or celebrates the praises of the warrior bard who prefers an honorable death on the battlefield to life without freedom, or adds new glories to the magic scenery of the vale of Avoca, or moralizes on human life at early morn on the beach, or brings before our eyes the once royal halls of Tara, crowded with gallant chieftains and fair women, and ever echoing the enchanting notes of the harp, or renews the festive strains of Garry Owen, or inculcates union among his countrymen, or gives a new immortality to that golden era when honor and virtue were dearer to Irishmen than gold or beauty, or chants the lament of Grattan, he is always harmonious in diction, and musical in versification. In a word, he is the prince of lyric poets—the inspired minstrel—"who ran through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all."

In this estimate of Moore as the greatest master of the lyre, some persons may consider me too encomiastic. I am supported in my opinion, however, by some of the ablest and most eloquent critics this century has yet produced.

"Of English lyric poets," says Lord John Russel, "Moore is surely the first. Beautiful specimens of lyrical poetry may indeed be found from the earliest times of literature to the days of Burns, of Campbell, and of Tennyson, but no one poet

can equal Moore in the united excellence and abundance of his productions." "To me," said Lord Byron, "some of Moore's last Erin sparks, 'As a beam o'er the face of the waters,' 'When he who adores thee,' 'Oh, blame not the bard,' and 'Oh, breathe not his name,' are worth all the epics that were ever composed." "Of all the song-writers," said the great Scotchman, the immortal Christopher North (Professor Wilson), "that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best in our estimation is verily none other than Thomas Moore." "However multiform his accomplishments," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "and various the paths by which he has risen to his elevated reputation, that portion of Moore's celebrity is not the least precious and enduring, which is derived from the *Melodies*, where music, adapted beyond all other to the expression of national woe, was wedded to verse of an incomparable sweetness. The beautiful airs which are supposed to be produced by grief, and possess so admirable an aptitude for the language of lamentation, were turned by Moore to a noble account. He made them the vehicles of those delightful effusions, in which the most graceful diction, the most harmonious versification, and the most brilliant fancy were employed to charm the ear and touch the heart with the calamities of Ireland. A new sort of advocacy was instituted in her cause, and in the midst of gilded drawing-rooms, and the throng of illuminated saloons, there arose a song of sorrow which breathed an influence as pure and as enchanting as that which ravished the senses of Comus with its simple and pathetic melody. He whom many pronounced at first too trifling to succeed, and then too successful in his own day to abide the test of another, but whose position in the brilliant band of poets of this age (now so rapidly vanishing from us one by one and unreplaced), is already fixed beyond the power of criticism or of time, unrivalled in one exquisite department of his art, delightful in many." This is high praise from a Review which was long the terror of poets, and which, under the control of the gifted Jeffrey, promulgated its canons of criticism on literature, science, and government with a fearlessness and independence never before witnessed in the English world of letters. Such a tribute is the more remarkable, because Jeffrey reproved Moore with undue severity for the licentious tendency of some of his youthful productions. "We think it a duty to state," said Jeffrey, in the November number of the *Edinburgh Review*, 1817, "that he (Moore) has long ago redeemed that error; and that in all his later works that have come under our observation, he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity, and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty, and honor." What higher eulogy could the most celebrated critic of the nineteenth century have bestowed upon a patriot poet? An eloquent priest, in an article in the *Dublin Review*, speaks in the following enthusiastic terms of the *Irish Melodies*: "This is truly a great work, whether we view it as a production of rarest genius, or as a precious repository, in which are treasured up all the essence of the purest and warmest and noblest feelings, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and regrets experienced by a brave and kindhearted but unfortunate people, through long and checkered ages. In the first point of view, we look in vain through the literature of other nations for a work like this, but for a series of poems like the *Irish Melodies*, so perfect in all that makes perfection, in simplicity, in beauty, in condensation of thought, we search but find not. Ireland is proud of this work, and justly; it is her own in its general theme, in the sentiments it breathes, but, above all, it is her own in the immortal genius

impressed upon its every page. No one but an Irishman could have written it." Archbishop McHale translated the *Melodies* into Irish in the same metres which their author employed, and in an eloquent introduction, paid a noble and graceful tribute to his genius and patriotism. "The genius of Moore," says the illustrious Irish prelate, "must ever command admiration; its devotion to the vindication of the ancient faith of Ireland, and the character of its injured people, must inspire every Irishman with still more estimable feelings. Seated amidst the tuneful followers of Apollo, he essayed the instrument of every muse, and became master of them all; sighing at length for some higher and holier source of poetical feeling, he turns to the East, and listens with rapture to its prophetic melodies; subdued by the strain, he lets fall the lyre, seizes the harp of Sion and of Erin, at once the emblem of piety and patriotism, and gives its boldest and most solemn chords to his own impassioned inspirations of country and of religion." Moore might have felt prouder of this high encomium than of a thousand panegyrics by the Russels and Charlemonts. The numerous tributes to his worth cannot be all quoted in a short article. We can only select for prominence the most valuable and important.

The following eloquent passage from *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature* should be read and remembered by those whose bigotry is too stupid, and whose anti-Irish and anti-Catholic prejudices are too deeply rooted to appreciate the lyric beauties of Moore. "The *Irish Melodies*," says the critic who wrote the article on Moore, "are full of true feeling and delicacy. By universal consent, and by the sure test of memory, these national strains are the most popular and the most likely to be immortal of all Moore's works. They are musical almost beyond parallel in words, graceful in thought and sentiment, often tender, pathetic, and heroic, and they blend poetical and romantic feelings with the objects and sympathies of common life in language chastened and refined, yet apparently so simple that every trace of art has disappeared. The most familiar expressions become, in his hands, instruments of power and melody. The songs are read and remembered by all. They are equally the delight of the cottage and the saloon, and, in the poet's own country, are sung with an enthusiasm that will long be felt in the hour of festivity, as well as in the periods of suffering and solemnity, by that imaginative and warm-hearted people."

Lyric poetry, however, was not the only department of literature in which Moore shone with extraordinary lustre. His oriental romance, *Lalla Rookh*, is a poem of which Pope, or Scott, or Campbell would be proud. Its chief defect is excessive ornament. Hazlit says that Moore should not have written it even for three thousand guineas, the price which the booksellers paid him for the copyright. "The land of the sun," says Lord Jeffrey, in his article in the *Edinburgh Review* on this poem, "has never shone out so brightly on the children of the North, nor the sweets of Asia been poured forth, nor her gorgeousness displayed so profusely to the delighted senses of Europe. The beauteous forms, the dazzling splendor, the breathing odors of the East, seem at last to have found a kindred poet in the 'Green Isle of the West.'"

As a satirist, Moore rivalled Horace. He did not scourge the bigot, the despot, the fool and the knave with scorpions, like Juvenal, but he was as successful as the Venusian bard in exposing them to laughter and scorn. Stupid and profligate as the Prince Regent (George IV) was, he felt the lash of the Irish satirist. There was no gall, no bitterness in the joyous na-

ture of Moore; but, if he is sometimes exceptionally severe in a few of his satirical effusions, the theme justifies his severity. His indignation is always roused by the follies, bigotry, intolerance, and baseness of the royal personage whom flatterers eulogized as the "first gentleman in Europe," but whom honest men stigmatized as a prodigy of turpitude—false even to his bosom friends—false to every honorable obligation. His caustic wit, piercing as pointed steel, stung Lord Castlereagh to madness, and the pious hypocrites and surpliced incendiaries of Exeter Hall feared his satiric lash more than the scathing invectives of O'Connell. His versatility of intellect enabled him to excel in prose as well as in poetry. Had he never written a line of the *Melodies*, his prose works would have been sufficient to immortalize his name. His *Memoirs of Captain Rock* placed him in the first rank of English prose writers. His *Life of Sheridan* is the best historical notice of the great events of the age which the eloquence of that renowned orator astonished. His *Life of Byron* was praised by Macaulay and Campbell as a model of style and taste in biography. His *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald* was read with deep interest by every lover of freedom in the English-speaking world. The *Travels of an Irish Gentleman*, a most eloquent vindication of Catholic truth, won the praise of Dr. Doyle and Archbishop Kenrick, two of the most eminent controversialists and theologians Ireland ever produced. Moore's *History of Ireland* was only a partial success. Varied as his intellectual gifts were, and active as was his mind, he could not attain universal supremacy in literature. To excel in different departments of literature is a task which few men can accomplish. The history of Ireland has not been yet written. The future Lingard of that ancient land must be thoroughly acquainted with the Gaelic records. The falsehoods, calumnies, and misrepresentations of English scribes, and the defective annals of Anglo-Irish writers, are not sufficient materials for a full and true history of Ireland. The manuscript materials of Irish history were accessible to Moore in the Gaelic tongue, but the poet was not an Irish archæologist. His literary labors and engagements allowed him no time for the study of Gaelic literature and Irish archæology. Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which he labored, the first volume of his history will be always read with delight by the lovers of the ancient literary and religious glories of Ireland. I am not, however, discussing his merits as a controversialist, biographer, historian, essayist, or satirical poet in this article. I have limited my remarks to his lyrical talents and productions. He well knew that his fame as a lyric poet would be immortal. "I now take leave," said Moore in his preface to the fourth volume of his works, "of the *Irish Melodies*—the only production of pen, as I very sincerely believe, whose fame (thanks to the sweet music in which it is enbalmed) may boast a chance of prolonging its existence to a day much beyond our own." Though the *Melodies* are the most lasting productions of his pen, I am inclined to believe that in these modest words he underrates the enduring fame of many of his other works. He lived long enough to witness the influence which he exercised upon Irish genius and literature. When the generation which he first addressed in Ireland had passed away, he saw a youthful band of poets rousing by their soul-stirring odes a spirit of resistance to tyranny, and inspiring the oppressed masses of the people with an indomitable resolution to free themselves from the galling yoke of the stranger. When bidding farewell to his harp, he little thought that a young bard was soon destined to

wake its boldest strains, and stir the hearts of the people by his ringing lyrics. Davis seized the harp of Moore and Carolan, and—as himself said of one of his friends—made it sigh with Irish memories, and speak sternly with Ireland's resolve. Like the trumpet's sound, the voice of his muse wakened into life the dead chivalry of Ireland, and inspired that chivalry with the unconquerable spirit of her ancient warriors. The words in which a true Irish poet celebrates the praises of the great archæologist, O'Donovan, may with equal truth be applied to Thomas Davis:

> "Kings that were dead two thousand years,
> Cross-bearing chiefs and pagan seers,
> He knew them all;
> And bards, whose very harps were dust,
> And saints whose souls are with the just,
> Came at his call."

In a great national crisis, the poems of Davis would be of more avail than the eloquence of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, or a Grattan. His fame, however, could not eclipse that of Moore. His verses are often unmusical, notwithstanding the intense passion, the manly spirit, the fire and energy which are the prevailing charms and beauties of his poetry. No Irish poet of this century, not even Lover, nor Father Prout (Mahony), nor Gerald Griffin, nor Dennis Florence McCarthy, nor Richard Dalton Williams, nor McGee, nor Duffy, nor Davis himself, has rivalled Moore in artistic finish, classical refinement, and melody of diction and versification. Poet, musician, and singer, he was a reproduction of the minstrel of the olden time, and centuries may elapse before the harp of Tara will be touched "by some hand less unworthy than his." The other Irish masters of the lyre, whose names I have mentioned, have won unfading laurels. Some of them were more enthusiastic in their love of Ireland than the author of *Melodies*, during the closing years of his life. But Moore's patriotism was not the less sincere, because it was practical, because it conferred substantial benefits upon his countrymen instead of promising impossibilities. He dreaded an abortive rebellion as one of the greatest calamities that befell Ireland. He witnessed the horrors of '98, and remembered the unspeakable cruelties of the legions of British myrmidons who murdered without remorse thousands of unarmed peasants. Time and experience cooled his youthful enthusiasm, and he endeavored to effect by the charms of song what heroes had failed to accomplish on the battle-field—the emancipation of his Catholic countrymen. The few years preceding his death, he received a pension from the British Government; but this pension was not the price of political apostasy, or the reward of subserviency—it was a tribute to genius, and an unforced recognition of exalted merit. When old and helpless, it saved him from the bitterness of poverty. The gold-dust of the treasury, however, did not silence the son of song. He was the poet of freedom till the grave closed over him. The anniversary of Burns's birthday is a national holiday in Scotland. All honor to the nation that honors its poet. Why is not the anniversary of Moore's birthday celebrated by every son of that country whose name he has exalted throughout Europe and America? The time will surely come when this homage will be paid to his memory in Ireland. That land of song will remember with pride one of her most gifted minstrels. Generous hearts will cherish his memory, patriotic spirits will guard his fame, the lovers of Irish music will not soon forget the debt of gratitude which his country owes to his genius. His own prophetic words will be verified, and his admirers may say with certainty that

> "Though his memory should now die away,
> 'Twill be caught up again in some happier day;
> And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
> Through the answering future, his name and his song."

BURIED.

Hush! 'tis my sweet, dead Hope is lying there,
Beneath dread Falsehood's pall. You cannot see
Her white, cold face, with settled, woful look,
Where dwells the change so terrible to me.

Nay, in fair flow'rs of Mem'ry I have tried
To cover up that pall, but all in vain:
Its fatal folds their tender bloom destroyed,
And in their blighted hearts mine saw new pain.

Then Love's white veil, I softly tried to fling,
In misty shadow o'er its presence drear.
The touch but blackened it, and Love's heart bled
To see beneath, the outline of the bier.

Then Truth's fair light, I brought, with trembling hands,
And cast its radiance tenderly on all—
Alas! it only showed more widely
The blighted flowers, the blackened veil, the pall!

It pierced beneath dark Falsehood's cover e'en,
Revealing my dead Hope, so still, so sweet,
Her bosom pulseless, her fair spirit fled,
And oh! my heart crushed 'neath her quiet feet!

Hush! there is naught can hide it then, for me,
Since Mem'ry, Love, and Truth but show my loss!
Nay—I will bury it—my sweet, dead Hope,
Will softly bury it, *beneath the cross!*

And in such holy grave, beloved, beloved,
How fair the screen will cover thee from me:
The Shadow of the Cross upon it cast,
And gift of Cross to my life, held in thee!

LA TOUR ST. JOSEPH.

MOTHER-HOUSE OF THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

THERE are few Catholics who have not, now and then, during the course of the recent years of trial and persecution of the Church, been tempted to lift up their clasped hands to heaven and ask of God some sign that his divine hand had not left the rudder of St. Peter's bark. And yet, a moment's thought, a rapid flight of the memory over the world's surface far and near, would be all-sufficient to console us, and afford an overwhelming sentiment of joy. It would give us the most entire certainty that not only was our Blessed Lord steadfastly directing the course of his Divine Institution, the Church Catholic, amidst the rocks and breakers of our age, but that for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, he was performing in our very midst miracles of grace as marvellous, as sublime, as were ever granted to the Church in her moments of the most complete triumph and prosperity. We need hardly suggest, as some few special sources of consolation, the glorious spectacle of Christ's Vicar, Pius the Ninth, erect and steadfast in the Vatican; the united, the universal devotion to his person, of the whole Catholic world; the intimate bond of union between pastors and people never drawn so close in the whole history of the Church; the singular faithfulness and purity of the clergy; the rapid growth of the Catholic Church in America and Australia; in fine, the innumerable vocations to a religious life, and the heroic charity which prompts many of them in an age, when, as a rule,

> Gone is sweet charity,
> And hearts are hard and cold,

to devote themselves to God's poor, and above all, to those broken by poverty and age. And this brings us to the special consideration of an institution founded but yesterday, and which, nevertheless, has grown with a supernatural growth, grown with a growth of charity, of simplicity, of humility, of the most entire reliance on God, the most heroic devotion to his poor—"who are always with us"—which marks it as one of those marvellous phenomena which are to be found within the pale of the Catholic Church alone—we mean the Institute of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Familiar as the history of this foundation must be to almost all of our readers, we may be pardoned if in a few words we repeat what it must be always a subject of edification and wonder to recall. Brittany, "the land of loyalty and heroic devotion," was the cradle of the Institute. A generous and zealous priest, Abbé Le Pailleur, a native of St. Malo, and curate in the little town of St. Servan, was, under God, its founder. Two young women, of humble origin, but chosen children of God, first presented themselves to the good priest, and his long cherished desire of affording some organized assistance to the numerous poor of the parish, was first developed, by their aid. For two years the Abbé Le Pailleur trained these young aspirants to a heroic life in the ways of self-abnegation and the love of Christ, but without at first confiding to them his project of charity. At length, when the hour of God had struck, he communicated his project to them, brought them together, and thus the "grain of mustard-seed" was planted.

In an humble dwelling, the attic of which he hired, the two young women were established, and under

their charitable care a poor blind woman, aged eighty years, was placed, the first of the thousands of suffering age that have since followed. This first foundation was made on the 15th of October, 1840. As we write, the Institute of the Little Sisters of the Poor numbers a hundred and forty-five houses in Europe and America; two thousand four hundred sisters, and three hundred novices, are either working or preparing for their labor of sublime charity; and more than eighteen thousand aged poor of both sexes are enjoying the peace and calm of the Homes of the Little Sisters as a vestibule to the life to come to them so shortly; whilst, since its foundation, thirty-five years ago, not less than forty thousand aged men and women have partaken of this charity, and gone to bear testimony of it before the throne of God. The venerable founder, the Abbé Le Pailleur, still lives, and one of the first sisters, Marie Augustine de la Compassion, still directs the vast sisterhood as Superior-General. But what is most wonderful of all is to remember that all this wonderful growth is the result of implicit reliance on Almighty God, no funds can be accumulated by the rule of the Institute—*La Petite Famille vit du jour au jour.*

It was our special good fortune to be allowed to visit the Mother-House, where these devoted "Sisters of the Poor" are trained to their labor of love, during the course of last year. Leaving the railway between St. Malo and Rennes, passing under the shadow of the massive walls and towers of the ancient *château-fort* of the Chateaubriands, at Combourg, we passed the richly cultivated district of the department of the Ille et Vilaine, and after a long drive through fields which had yielded their rich harvest, under apple trees laden with gilded and ruby fruit, and by tracts of *sarazin* with its white drift of flower rising above its forest of red stalk, we slowly mounted the steep hill on which stands the ancient and picturesque town of Bécherel. From this height a wonderful view presents itself, a vast carpet of deep soft green spreading away in every direction, only broken here and there by the village spire—marking, thank God! the Adorable Presence, and not a desolate and desecrated church as, alas! at home—whilst far away on the northern horizon gleams the silver sea, the winding and picturesque Vilaine, breaking in with its reflected lights to the east and south. We soon began to descend the height of Bécherel, and evening descended with us, but not before, rising out of a darkening sea of foliage, we saw the granite spire of La Tour St. Joseph, crowned by the colossal statue of the holy Patriarch, the special patron and protector of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Passing through a quiet Breton hamlet, with its quaint old church and shingled spire, and granite Calvary, we entered on the property of the Institute marked by a simple signboard, but unguarded by any jealous gate or barrier. Through fields and orchards, where the evidences of patient and skilful labor were plain, and where a group of Little Sisters returning through the coming dusk, showed by whom that labor was bestowed, we reached the Convent, and there a cordial welcome, such as was to be expected from the devoted and genial Père Ernest Lelièvre, well-known, and respected as well known, to many of our readers, awaited us, with a no less truly Catholic hospitality by La Bonne Mére de la Conception, sister of the original founders, and the fifth of those received into the *La Petite Famille.* We were just in time for Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament, and rarely, if ever, did the feeling of the special sanctity which seemed to envelope and permeate the church and its very atmosphere descend so deeply into our soul as on that evening, as in the half-lit aisle we knelt apart

from the long lines of the calm and absorbed Sisters who in their black cloaks filled the vast nave.

The next morning rose early upon us, as we stood looking from our quarters in the old *château* of the De Saint Pern's, over the *boccage* with the shifting wreaths of white mist, and the spire of a distant church here and there, or the steep, pitched roof of an occasional *manoir*, rising through them. Mass over, we proceeded to visit the establishment and its belongings, and we will endeavor to describe them as well as our untrained pen will permit.

The property, as we hinted above, was formerly the ancestral home of the De St. Pern family, and about it wanders the melancholy ghost of one of those sad stories bequeathed to France by the hideous Revolution of 1794. The Count de St. Pern had passed before the mockery of the revolutionary court at Nantes, to be condemned to the guillotine. His daughter, in despair, besought his pardon, and found it only in the terrible ransom of her own person as the wife of an officer in the revolutionary army. Needless to speak of the suffering, the anguish, that could not but result from this heroic sacrifice, this most unnatural union. These walls were witness of some twenty years of slow martyrdom, and when worn out by this "canker worm," she who had been Mademoiselle de St. Pern died, the château remained desolate, all but for one daughter who lived alone within its decaying walls, and with a mysterious ban, as it were, upon its silent chambers. At last a new and blessed life came into it, and the then all but infant family of the Little Sisters of the Poor, purchased it, thanks to the generous aid, which, under God, has never failed their earnest prayers and unlimited reliance in heaven. They found it decayed and neglected, but it was put into habitable repair, and year by year, as the Institute grew, the necessity of supplementing its limited space obliged new buildings to be erected, so that now the old *château* is but a dependence, and serves as the lodging for the chaplain and a guest-house, with the various apartments reserved for the transaction of the extensive correspondence of the institution carried on hence to every part of Europe and America in which a House of the Little Sisters is established. The rear of the old house, with the steep, pitched roofs and dormers, looks on a quaint and formal garden, with clipped shrubs, and a shady *charmille*, and at its extremity descends a green and narrow valley, in which was being completed the vast and not unpicturesque washing establishment of the convent, its bright red-tiled roof mingling with the varied green of meadows and pine trees in the gray distance.

Before the *château* with its old scutcheon and its rudely carved supporters, effaced by the childish spite of the Revolution, is the old forecourt with the dependencies on either hand, terminated by the quaint old domestic chapel, the characteristic feature of every old Breton *château*, whilst a formal row of clipped trees leads up to the old gateway that once formed the limit of the buildings. But now beyond rises a vast pile, the Convent and Novitiate, sheltering beneath its roof upwards of four hundred souls, of whom not less than three hundred are learning the strict yet sweet laws of Holy Obedience, Self-abnegation, and entire Charity for Christ's sake. Advancing beyond the gateway we have just left, the apsidal end of the great convent church first presents itself. It is a large building, but not too large for its requirements, and is the noble gift of two generous benefactors of the Little Sisters of the Poor, M. and Mdme. Feburier. M. Feburier sleeps his long sleep beneath the floor of the sanctuary, and Mdme. Feburier, having no other ties with

earth, is now a novice at La Tour. The plan of the structure is a fine one, a vast nave and aisles, with lofty clerestory and triforia, transepts and apsidal sanctuary with its ambulatory. The style is "Norman," as we are accustomed to call it, and chiefly executed in the gray granite found on the property, but with its upper portion and vaulted roof in white limestone, producing an excessive contrast much to be regretted from a purely architectural point of view. Throughout the ornamentation and the fittings are of that strict simplicity always observed in, and so characteristic of, the churches or chapels of the Institute. One work of religious art well worthy of notice adorns the walls, in the shape of a most remarkable picture of St. John of God washing the feet of Christ as a pilgrim, by M. Lafond, the gift of the able artist, a true and devoted Catholic, to the Little Sisters.

In direct communication with the church, and linked by a vast corridor upwards of four hundred feet in length, is the Convent proper, extending thus at right angles from the church, and from this again run out, towards the opposite side, long wings of buildings to the number of three, yet to be increased by one more, and a proportionate extension of the principal *corps de batiment*. This vast extent of buildings contain all the various apartments for the carrying out of the daily life and rule of the Institute. Work-rooms, linen-rooms, oratory, dining-rooms, kitchens, infirmaries, dormitories, etc., all as may be supposed, considering the numbers they were to accommodate, vast in size, but all utterly devoid of the smallest approach to anything like ornamentation, nay all of most monastic simplicity of construction, yet all spotlessly clean and all in the most exquisite order. In the *vestiaire*, neatly folded away and ticketed were the "worldly" clothes of the novices in which they have presented themselves as postulants, and which will be restored in case of non-perseverance. The kitchen is the perfection of arrangement, with its vast *fourneaux economiques*, its gleaming *casseroles* (which would have rejoiced the heart of a Jan Steen), and above all, its perfect order and cleanliness, and further as a striking example of the truth of the remark that a religious house is really "*une Republique de la Charite*," here was the foundress of the great convent church occupied in paring and preparing vegetables for the *pot au feu*. In the work-room, the marvellous ingenuity with which everything is turned to account would be worthy of a fairy tale were we not writing of a convent. The spacious infirmaries were but scantily occupied, and the few patients were none of them seriously ill, indeed had they been, the benevolent, joyous physiognomy of the Sister Infirmarian would have been enough to cure them, independently of her real skill in the healing art, which, as we learnt, was acknowledged by the leading members of the medical profession of Rennes.

No words of ours can express the tranquil peace, the holy calm, and the silent activity, which pervaded even those of the vast *salles* which were occupied. If a face was raised from work to answer a question, the same abstracted air of perfect happiness, not of this world, of deep calm and angelic purity, beamed forth from eyes and lips and brow. St. Joseph, the great Saint, had set the seal of his Divine foster-Son upon all these young hearts, and lowly or of high lineage as might be their birth —French or English or Irish or Belgian as might be their nationality— all, all, were absorbed in one thought, one aspiration—*Christo in pauperibus*. We passed from the Convent to the grounds beyond, where long alleys with bordering flowers and shrubs lead up to turfed pedestals on which stand images of *La bonne Vierge*, or other of God's chosen

ones, and where the sisters and novices recreate themselves, in joyous bands at the appointed hours. The vast extent of the Convent is seen from the garden, and its size united with its dignified simplicity makes it a most imposing structure, whilst high above its centre, towers up the church spire and its crowning statue which welcomed us from afar on our arrival.

Our next visit was to the extensive farm buildings where great quantities of stock are reared for the use of the convent, where a row of pig-styes that would gladden the heart of a Yorkshire farmer, and a *basse cour* with a collection of poultry, some five hundred cocks and hens, that might furnish a poultry show from its own resources, are all subjects of interest even to the uninitiated. And here what is really curious to witness, and is a fact which is indisputable, is the influence these Little Sisters, often timid women, entirely unaccustomed to deal with cattle, seem to acquire over their four-footed charge. We met a troop of young frisky heifers and Breton cows, which have the activity and waywardness of goats rather than the staid sobriety of our own cattle, and made way out of respect for their heels and horns, but the Sisters who were driving them back to their stalls told us to have no heed, for *même la jeunesse etait douce;* and we heard of another case in which a Little Sister, whose worldly name was that of one of the noblest Belgian aristocracy, and whose duty led her into the farm, timid and all unaccustomed as she was to such a duty, by the simple force of obedience to her own Superior, and by the calm practice of that primary law of the religious life, not only vanquished her own fears, but became most skilful in her management of her ruminating charge. Every animal is numbered, and answers to its number when called by the well-known voice, and quietly quits or enters its stall as it may happen to be ordered. The Sisters tend their cattle, look after their pigs, and care for their fowls, with the aid of a few devoted farm laborers, mostly relatives of the Sisterhood, and who have devoted their lives to aid and assist the community in the ruder part of their toil. Beyond the farm buildings stretch acres of garden and pasture land all inclosed by lofty walls, and on these walls, clothed with *espalliers*, hung thousands of the most magnificient and luscious pears, which would have made the glory of a Covent Garden stall, whilst huge gourds in which Cinderella might easily have gone to court, lay basking in the sun amidst their exquisitely shaped foliage, and vegetables of every kind, splendid in quality and growth, bespoke an untiring labor, a prolific soil, and one could not but recognize it, a special and paternal blessing from the Master of all.

Such is La Tour St. Joseph, such the Maison Mère of the Little Sisters of the Poor. It is little to be wondered at, that after some years spent under this blessed roof, when the hour of sacrifice comes, and the Little Sister leaves it, for a new home in a strange land, the struggle should be a hard one, the pang of separation sharp—little to be wondered that the memory of La Tour, amidst daily toil, far away though she may be, raises a happy smile on the face of the Little Sister. Few, however, return to see it; their harvest is garnered into the eternal home, early as a rule, in life, the last sacrifice of generous devotion and entire abnegation. Few sleep in the little cemetery at La Tour, whence assuredly many a radiant and glorified body will arise at the day of doom, but wherever it pleases God that the Little Sister shall be laid in her humble and unknown grave, we may be well assured that of her it will safely be said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

THE WAND OF LIGHT.

ONE summer noon, a sad-eyed man—to whom
Life's road from youth had lain through grief and gloom,
And every milestone was a loved one's tomb—

Wandered a-field, if haply he might find,
Sung in the brook, or breathed upon the wind,
Some message from the souls for whom he pined.

But, when he found no music in the rill,
Sun dwindled to a thread, and each leaf still:
"See," moaned he, "to the sick all goeth ill!"

And, hiding his wet face in the deep grass,
He prayed life's chalice from his lips might pass,
And his last grain of sand fall through the glass.

Then, as he rose, through ferns that strove to hide,
Hedged in by weeds, a wildflower he espied
Bent earthward by a dewdrop; so he cried:

"Frail bloom, that weepest in thy hidden nook
Alone, like Sorrow by the world forsook,
All the day long no sun can on thee look!"

But, while he spake, a little wand of light
Passed through the leaves, making all faëry-bright,
And what had seemed a tear to his dull sight

Was now a tiny rainbow in a cup
Of thinnest silver, whence the beam did sup;
And by degrees the flower was lifted up,

And seemed to follow with a wistful eye
A little drift of mist into the sky,
Rising to join the clouds that floated by;

Perchance, ere close of day, to fall in rain
And help some seaward stream, or thirsty plain;
Perchance to trickle down some window-pane

Where a sick child doth watch, and so beguile
The pain-drawn lips to curve into a smile,
And brighten its dull eyes a little while.

And seeing all that one small drop might do,
He felt why cloistered thus the blossom grew,
And why so late it wore the morning dew;

And, with a lighter heart, he went his way,
Trusting, at God's own time, some golden ray
Would gleam on him, and touch his dark to-day.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE movement in India of the educated Hindoos from Brahminism and Budhism into pure infidelity is becoming so obvious that it is forcing itself upon public attention. It is not a recent movement, but its extent was not, until recently, generally known. Intelligent British residents of India perceived it, and incidentally referred to it in their letters and published accounts of India. But Protestant missionaries generally denied it, and endeavored to conceal it from public view. Its recent rapid extension is due, in a very great degree, to their own unintentional and unconscious influence along with that of government educational institutions. As Protestant and non-Catholic schools have multiplied in India, and brought under their influence children of the wealthier and higher caste Hindoos, they have broken down to some extent the traditions of Brahminism and Budhism; but they have utterly failed to inspire any belief in Christianity as a divine religion. The utmost that can be said of these institutions is, that they have helped forward the supplanting of Asiatic civilization by European. But as in Egypt, China, and Japan, so in India, along with the adoption of European habits and ideas, of European industrial improvements and inventions, you look in vain for any movement towards belief in any of the distinctive truths of Christianity. The more highly educated Hindoos are rapidly adopting a species of Pantheism, something not very different from that of this country and of Europe, whilst the less educated are throwing aside all religious restraints, and falling into the lowest abysses of open, vulgar infidelity and atheism.

The effects of this in the deterioration of Hindoo morals are so marked, that the leading reviews of England are discussing the question whether it would not have been better to have left the people of India undisturbed in their heathen delusions. The *London Quarterly*, in an article on "Indian Missions," says: "*It has been proved in the history of India, again and again, that a bad religion is better than none.*" The *British Quarterly* asks: "*Was it altogether unreasonable*, to argue that it was better for a man *to believe in any religious system, however superstitious, to worship any god, however repulsive*, than to be *absolutely without* a faith and *without a deity?*"

Here we have in two leading British reviews, what, in plain words, amounts to an acknowledgment that Protestant missionary efforts in India are worse than a failure; that their practical results are what logically was to be expected from the principle of private judgment (free-thinking), on which they are based—infidelity, and the throwing aside by the Hindoos of all moral restraints, even of their false religions.

THE recent exposure of the manner in which the Indian Bureau of the Department of the Interior has been conducted, makes it plain that the most outrageous abuses and frauds have been committed by Indian Agents, and winked at, if not encouraged, by the higher officers of the department. Incidentally two facts were brought out which connected a number of the Protestant missionaries in the employ of the Government with these abuses and frauds, and which also showed that the Indians have been in quite a number of instances subjected to a species of religious persecution and proselytism. The Indians, with a unanimity which would be surprising had not so many similar instances happened, expressed their utter want of confidence in the Protestant missionaries who had been imposed on them by the Government contrary to their wishes, and asked that Catholic missionaries be sent to them. We look in vain in the reports thus far made by the Indian Commissioners for any reference to this subject. Yet, if the Government has really at heart the improvement and welfare of the Indians, it cannot pass over without attention their plainly expressed wishes.

It is certain that men in whom they have no confidence, and for whom they have no respect, cannot exert any influence over them for good. And it is equally certain, from the experience of the past, that Catholic missionaries can. It is only necessary to refer to the progress towards civilization of the Indians of California and Arizona, to their transformation from fierce, cruel, bloodthirsty savages into peaceful, industrious communities engaged in agriculture or the raising and herding of cattle, as proof. Abundant additional evidence, too, could be furnished, if necessary, from the results of the labors of the well-known Father De Smet, deceased, and of others, that Catholic missionaries, if permitted freely to labor amongst these Indians, could not only Christianize them, but, what the Government is most interested in, lift them gradually above their present savage condition, and form them gradually into settled, peaceable tribes.

THE question of ecclesiastical music was fully discussed at the Provincial Council of Westminister, whose decree "concerning singers and the ecclesiastical chant," has just been published. After an interesting and instructive preface on the history of this chant, including the objections to women singing in choirs, the Fathers of the Council say it is certain that the Roman chant, coming to us from St. Gregory, is properly and pre-eminently the ecclesiastical chant, and then they proceed to make decrees to the effect that in ecclesiastical seminaries and colleges the Gregorian chant is to be carefully taught both in theory and practice. The Cathedral and the larger churches throughout the province are to excel in the execution of this chant, and boys are to be taught music in schools in order that the singing of women in choirs, especially of those who are hired for money, may be done away with. Passing on to harmonized music, the Bishops protest against an effeminate style which was "avoided even by the heathen." "Let music," they say, quoting St. Nicetus, "be in harmony with holy religion, not seeking after dramatical effect, but showing forth in us true Christianity; having nothing which savors of the theatre, but exciting sorrow for sin." Above all, the Fathers of the Council censure the practice of inviting the public to the divine offices by means of notices and placards, wherein are stated the names of the musicians and singers, and they desire that if notices must be issued they shall contain only the names of the celebrant and preacher, the subject of the sermon, and the object of the collection. These decrees have already had the effect of checking a flagrant abuse.

WHILST the influence of England among European nations seems to be steadily waning, her ambition to extend her colonial dominion by annexation and conquest undergoes no diminution. Recently she assumed sovereignty over the Fiji Islands, and it appears that she soon will take like action over the magnificent island of Papua or New Guinea, and the neighboring islands of Polynesia. The Colonial government of New South Wales has prepared a memorial on the subject, which it has transmitted to the government of Great Britain, recommending the annexation by the British crown of these islands.

The measure is urged on the ground that it will secure and confirm the commercial and maritime supremacy of England in Polynesia, that it will prevent the occupation of those islands by other European governments, and will open up new and rich fields for the employment of British capital and enterprise. These reasons will, we presume, have sufficient weight with the British government to induce the extension of British dominion over these islands.

The aggregate extent in square miles of the islands proposed to be annexed is about twice that of New England and the Middle States. Their position in reference to Australia, Borneo, the Celebes, and Philippine Islands, and to the commerce which passes to and from them, and from the Polynesia Archipelago, is a commanding one, and their absorption by Great Britain into her colonial system will add to the greatness and strength of her already immense Australian possessions.

THE Rev. J. W. Shackleford, a Protestant Episcopal minister, told some plain truths about Protestant Churches to the Episcopal Congress. He said "that in the large towns and cities he found the people were ambitious to build a fine church, not for Almighty God, but because they would draw a fine congregation. They make the edifice fine in appearance. The front must be built of brown stone for the wealthy to look upon, while the back is built of brick, for the residents of the back street and God to look upon. When the church is completed a fine organ is placed therein, and an expensive choir is engaged, after which the whole is beautified by an enormous mortgage. The singers are paid high salaries, not for the purpose of converting sinners, but to bring fine people to the church, and to help rent the pews. This was all wrong."

And yet what else can these congregations do. Protestants do not go to church because of any obligation resting on them to attend, but because they like to hear a good preacher, listen to fine music, and be in the fashion. But good preachers and fine music are very expensive, and it is necessary to have high pew rents and to attract the wealthy. Thus the poor are being lost to Protestantism and gained by the Church, or by secular infidelity.

THE extension of Russia's influence and dominion in Asia, eastward and southward, is steadily progressing. Without examining the map, and comparing the extent of territory now under the domination of Russia with what it was ten or even five years ago, one can form no idea of the rapidity with which she has extended her rule in Central Asia. The acquisitions in Khokand and Khiva have been important, not only on account of the great extent of territory virtually "annexed," but also on account of their relation to Afghanistan, Hindoostan, and Western China. It is evident, that very

soon there will be no independent peoples or country between the territorial dominions or dependencies of Russia and England. The intermediate territory at present is small in extent, and its limits under the onward movement of Russian influence are rapidly diminishing. An insurrection in Southern Khokand is now furnishing Russia an occasion for a military movement still further south and eastward, bringing her into immediate proximity to Cabul, Cashmere, and Cashgar. The arriving at a definite, practical understanding between Russia and England, in regard to the limits of the territorial extension of the former, cannot therefore be much longer postponed.

Rev. Dr. Miller, of New York, must, according to the Darwinian theory, be descended from a bull; he shares that quadruped's antipathy to red. At a meeting, on October 20th, at Cooper Institute, he protested against the New York ladies wearing red. He says, "You see them everywhere badged with a rosette of scarlet, or wearing a sash of red, and wearing it because it is the color of the Cardinal. Men wear scarlet cockades, and children scarlet ribbons. It is a matter to fill one with dismay. For my part, I would rather, if a badge of color must be, see the yellow, the yellow of the Protestant Orangemen flaunting everywhere, than to see these insidious expressions of sympathy with the Roman Church."

The British army is clad in red, and the Indians are red men; consequently these colors should be immediately changed. The Communists with their red bonnets and red flags are concealed Romanists. The Red Sea should have its cognomen changed not into the Yellow Sea which the Chinese Orangemen no doubt named, nor into the Green Sea (which sounds Irish), nor into the Blue Sea (blue is the Blessed Virgin's color), but into some inoffensive color.

On September 29th, the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States lost a pious and devoted member, the Right Rev. A. M. Martin, first Bishop of Natchitoches. Born in France, he came to America in 1839, and after various labors in Indiana and Louisiana, he was appointed Bishop of Natchitoches, which comprises the northern portion of the State of Louisiana. On the 30th of November, 1853, he was consecrated in New Orleans by Archbishop Blanc, assisted by Bishop Portier, of Mobile, and Bishop Vandevelde, of Natchez.

The diocese of Natchitoches now contains 20 priests and 30,000 Catholics. It has been grievously retarded by sickness among the clergy, as well as by the war. It has been created entirely by the labors and efforts of the late venerated prelate.

Louisiana contains 730,000 inhabitants, of whom 270,000 are Catholics, a proportion of a little more than 1 in 3.

The annual meeting of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of the United States took place at Rochester, N. Y., on October 20th. Bishop McQuaid delivered an able and very interesting address, in which he strongly urged the Catholic laity to take an active part in forwarding all movements for the interests of the Church.

At the convention there were representatives from 30 Pennsylvania societies, 10 Ohio, 12 Missouri, 6 Maryland, 7 Virginia, 9 Kentucky, 7 New York, 1 Rhode Island, 2 Indiana, 1 Tennessee, 1 Wisconsin, 2 District of Columbia, and 1 Canada.

Sixty-three societies have been added during the past year, $118,000 expended in the cause of charity, and $150,000 are in the treasuries of the societies. Hon. Mayor Keiley was re-elected President, and Cleveland selected for the meeting next year. Canada was united to the Union, a board of colonization appointed, and the Centennial fountain at Philadelphia was indorsed.

The Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States which met at Philadelphia on November 9th, occupied itself by discussions on Ultramontanism and Civil Authority. The speakers dealt their heaviest blows against the Pope, but the accusations they made were self-contradictory, and defeated each other. One speaker called Ultramontanism "a plot to destroy variety of opinion in the Roman communion." Another emphatically asserted that it was "a modern novelty," while a third declared that it was "the logical development of the Papal System, and was the only real Catholicity."

All the speakers indorsed the public school system, and one, the Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D., pronounced the reading of the Bible in the public schools, "a desecration of the Scriptures," and said that the schools should be purely secular.

A new Quarterly, in the interests of the Church of England, has been recently brought out, and Mr. Gladstone contributes a paper to it, in which he strongly urges the govern-

ment of Italy to break the Guarantees, and to practically substitute Presbyterianism for the Catholic religion. Mr. Gladstone wishes the parish priests to be elected by the people, and thinks that this mode would be preferable to the present system of Episcopal appointment.

Fancy the result of such a proceeding! A parish divided by rival parties, one in favor of one priest, and one advocating the claims of another. Such an idea is worthy of Mr. Gladstone, who, of late, seems about to fulfil the prophecy of Lord Palmerston, who, years ago, said that he would die either in a monastery or in a mad-house.

THE Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva in Rome, which His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, took possession of on September 30th as his titular church, is the chief temple of the Dominican order in Rome as the Gesu is of the Society of Jesus. It was built in the year 1280. It was raised to the dignity of a titular church in 1556 by Pope Paul IV; Fra Michele Ghislieri, afterwards Pope St. Pius V, was the first rector. Cardinal McCloskey is his thirtieth successor. Bishop Concannon, first Bishop of New York, was connected with this church. Five Pontiffs repose within its walls, and two Conclaves for the election of Popes have been held there. It contains the relics of St. Catherine of Sienna.

A GREAT deal of blowing of trumpets has been performed about the result of the Ohio election. The *London Telegraph* and *Times* believe it to be a death-blow to Catholicity in Ohio, which shows their obtuse ignorance of American politics, and of the position of Catholics.

The *Cleveland Universe* well says: "If the fight was between the Catholics and their friends, our side of the question made a very good showing, taking the State as a whole. The Catholics are a fixed fact yet, as a bigoted press and public will discover. We await with calmness the doings of the next State legislature."

The majority was only 5000, which indicates a very close contest. Excluding the "Reserve," as it is called, which is known to be full of anti-Catholics and bigots, the rest of the State was very evenly divided.

THE Crown Prince of Germany, heir-apparent to the Empire, will also visit Philadelphia. It is to be hoped that he will carry back with him such impressions of the religious condition of the United States that will induce him to set bounds to the persecution now raging in Germany, when he ascends the throne. Suppose every Catholic priest in New York had to receive the approval of Governor Tilden, and to be educated in a college presided over by Frothingham, Beecher, Talmage, as well as Tom Paine and Theodore Parker, if these two latter were alive. Suppose, also, that the Legislature of New York or Ohio should insist that Presbyterians be admitted to all the ecclesiastical privileges of Catholics by the Bishops of that State. And yet this is what Bismarck and the German Legislature insist on doing to the Catholics of Germany.

THE Fifth Annual Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was held at Cincinnati, on October 6th and 7th. It was welcomed by Archbishop Purcell and Bishop Toebbe, and a large number of priests and delegates were present. Ninety-eight societies have been received during the past year, and there are now four hundred and ninety on the rolls. Very Rev. Father Byrne, of Trenton, was re-elected President, and Rev. J. B. Cotter, of Winona, Wis., first Vice-President, in place of the Right Rev. John Ireland, who has been appointed Coadjutor Bishop of St. Paul's, Minnesota.

The convention indorsed the Centennial fountain to be erected at Philadelphia next year, and adjourned to meet at that city on July 4th, 1876.

THE chief incident in the Home Rule campaign lately has been a great meeting at Tuam, where the illustrious Archbishop MacHale, the "lion of the tribe of Judah," addressed the representatives of the Home Rule party, and indorsed Mr. Butt, and none the less, but rather the more heartily, that that gentleman is a Protestant. The Lord Mayor of Dublin's late circular in which he seemed to define the Home Rule movement as exclusively a Catholic agitation, has thus been overruled by the great Archbishop, who invokes Catholics and Protestants alike to agitate for the restoration of Ireland's native parliament.

ON October 7th, the Ambassador of the Shah of Persia had an audience of the Pope, in which he conveyed to His Holiness the assurances of the good wishes of the

Shah, and a letter in which the Ruler of Persia promised to protect the Catholics of Persia, and to shield them from all oppressions.

How strange and wonderful it is to think that the Mohammedans and Turks recognize the value of Catholics as good subjects and loyal people, and that so-called "enlightened statesmen" oppose and oppress Catholics! The Shah has no gloomy fears of "Ultramontane" plots.

"DOMINE SALVAM FAC REMPUBLICAM"—"God save the Republic"—was chanted in all the cathedrals and churches of France on Sunday, November 7th, by order of the Bishops, and in conformity with the circular of the Minister of Public Worship.

The splendid cathedrals and Gothic edifices of Notre Dame, Chartres, Rheims, Orleans, Amiens, and countless others, re-echoed the prayer that proclaimed the establishment of the French Republic, and all lovers of that gallant, beautiful, and Catholic land must hope that civil dissensions and tumults will no more annoy the nation or consume its wealth.

BY late successive pastorals, the Right Rev. Bishop of Montreal has earnestly exhorted, commanded, and entreated the Catholic Canadians of that city to remain tranquil. He has explained to them fully that the interment of Guibord will not desecrate the cemetery, or violate its sanctity.

The grave will be set apart by ecclesiastical order from the rest of the ground.

There is good hopes, therefore, that this troublesome and scandalous affair will be terminated, and that the Catholics will co-operate with their Bishop in preserving tranquillity, and thus really defeat the Orange fanatics.

SEVERAL distinguished priests have died lately. The Rev. P. Bede O'Connor, O.S.B., Vicar-General of Vincennes, died on the 25th of September; the Rev. W. P. Morrough, pastor of the Immaculate Conception, New York, died on the 26th of October, in Italy; Rev. William Murphy, S. J., a distinguished missionary, on October 25th; and the Rev. Alexander S. Healey, pastor of St. James, Boston, and brother of Bishop Healey, of Portland, died on October 21st.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY, after a brief stay in London, where he was the guest of Cardinal Manning, visited Dublin. On November 9th, Cardinal McCloskey attended at the commencement of the Catholic University in that city. Cardinal Cullen presided as Chancellor. Several Bishops, the Lord Mayor, and the leading citizens were present. The University presented an address to the American Cardinal. He embarked at Queenstown on Sunday, November 14th, on board the steamer Abyssinia, for New York.

THE great-grandson of the illustrious Carroll of Carrollton, has been elected Governor of Maryland, by a large majority. The attempts of the Know Nothings to prejudice the electors against him have failed, and Maryland has a Catholic Governor in the person of John Lee Carroll, who will fill the gubernatorial chair of Maryland in the Centennial year with honor, as one hundred years ago his ancestor reflected honor on Maryland by signing the Declaration of Independence.

WE are often surprised when we think how little credit Catholics get from Protestants for their exertions on behalf of the observance of Sunday. All the Catholic associations are laboring for the better observance of Sunday; the Pope has frequently urged it on the Italians; and not only in the cities and towns of France, but in Paris itself, Sunday is far better observed than formerly. And why? Because the Catholic revival is strong at present, and yearly increasing.

A VERY curious incident took place at Columbus, Ohio, on Sunday, October 24th. The Rev. Father Sherman celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass according to the Chaldean rite. This ancient rite is celebrated in Syro-Chaldaic, which was the same language as that used by our Blessed Lord and the Apostles. The rite dates from Apostolic times. How such a fact proves the antiquity and universality of the Catholic Church!

IT is very gratifying to hear that the Bishops imprisoned in Brazil through the machinations of the Freemasons, have been liberated, and that diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the Empire of Brazil, temporarily suspended, will be resumed shortly.

THE attempts made to prejudice the citizens of Oregon against the election of Mr. Lane as Congressman, on the ground of his being a Catholic, have been unsuccessful, and he has been returned.

We do not know anything about Mr. Lane, but we see in this result a proof that the giant and growing West is not troubled with "Pope on the brain."

A CATHOLIC Emperor, Don Pedro II, of Brazil, will visit the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia next year.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF ST. JOHN, APOSTLE AND EVANGELIST. Translated from the French of Braunard. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received from P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

For nearly a year the Catholic Publication Society has kept us in expectation of this work, but the charm which its perusal throws like a spell over the reader, is ample compensation for the delay. It is a work, such as is issued only at rare intervals to serve as it were for a literary epoch, and it ought to be in the hands of every intellectual person, Catholic or Protestant. To the former it will open new veins of sacred, historical, and geographical lore, and refresh the mind with its beautiful sentiments, and strengthen it with theological arguments; while to the latter it will be a revelation of literary beauty, and that celestial wisdom of which the world and its votaries never dream. The preface alone is a sermon, replete with rare ideas and exquisite sentiments, and a fitting introduction to the charming pages which follow. We feel quite incompetent to speak in a brief notice like this, of the merits of such a work, and therefore forbear from all attempts to make our readers comprehend the intrinsic value of a book, deserving whole pages of analytical commendation; but *our* readers *must be its* readers, therefore we need say no more.

THE LIFE OF ST. BENEDICT, THE MOOR. Translated from the French. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street.

Good Mother St. John, Superioress of Mount St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill, has gone to receive the reward of a life of patient suffering and unflinching service in the cause of her divine spouse and lord, and on the very day when death took her from the world, this, the last of many translations, appeared like a deathbed legacy to her friends. She could scarcely have left us a more acceptable treasure than this brief sketch of the beloved saint, the absence of whose biography has been a vacuum too long observed in our Catholic literature. In vain have we ransacked well-stored libraries to find one in any modern language. A number of old prints of the saint were sent many years ago to this country by the late Father Roothan, general of the Jesuits for distributing among the colored people of the Maryland missions. Some of these have lately been brought to the light of day, and it is a noteworthy coincidence that this little biography comes forth suddenly like a witness to their resurrection. Is there any divine economy or special providence in this for the Catholics of Philadelphia? Perhaps, the gentle St. Benedict wishes the devotion to him to be propagated anew. Certainly, the reader will be amply repaid in the perusal of his beautiful biography, and who will say that benefits of a higher order than mere pleasurable emotion will not accrue therefrom to the souls, for, though its hero be black in person, he is beautiful in the lessons of his spotless life.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF PAUL SEIGNERET, Seminarist of Saint Sulpice. Translated from the second French edition by N. R. New York: P. O'Shea, 1875. Received through C. A. Hennessy, 826 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

This is a very beautifully written biog-

raphy of a young seminarist of St. Sulpice, Paris, who was shot by the Commune at Belleville, May 26th, 1871. The subject of the memoir was, in the language of the preface, a model for youth in the domestic life, as well as for young aspirants to the priesthood in the seminary. The portrayal of his life at the castle of Frondue in the grand old abbey of Solesones under that glorious man, Dom Gueranger, at St. Sulpice, in the Mozas prison and La Roquette, affords plentiful scope for fine writing, of which the author has availed himself, while much judgment is displayed in the compilation of the hero's own beautiful letters. Incidentally to the main narrative, we have some beautiful pictures of domestic life as it ought to be, and always is, in a thoroughly Catholic family.

MISCELLANEA, comprising Reviews, Lectures, and Essays, Historical, Theological, and Miscellaneous. By M. J. Spalding, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1875. Received through Catholic Publication Society of Philadelphia.

Of all the reprints or new editions of old and standard works which have lately been given to the public, we know of none more opportune than this. The book is so well known that we need say nothing of its merits, for we doubt if there is a Catholic family of any repute which does not possess it, or rather did *not*, for there are many rising families of the new generation or Catholics, who must be told to procure it in forming their libraries, and now is the acceptable time to tell them of it. Why? Because the rampant spirit of know-nothingism and bigotry, which showed its teeth so fiercely a few years ago, is again deserting its lair, and seeking whom it may devour. The Boanergic pummellings which the then Bishop of Louisville knew so well how to administer upon its back in the guise of his trenchant logic, profound research, and incisive sarcasm are about the best weapons that a good Catholic can use in the present crisis. When the roaring monster gets a whiff of his own congealed gore upon the time-honored blades, he will be very apt to beat a hasty retreat, growling as he goes,

> Fee, Faw, Fum,
> I sniff the blood of—
> *I know whom.*

Gentle Francis Patrick Kenrick used to say that this elegantly pugnacious prelate of Louisville was always trying to get him drawn into his quarrels with the outside beasts of Puritanism, Native Americanism, and Protestant falsehood generally, but that he preferred his brother in the hierarchy to manage such matters for himself, he being abundantly able to do so, while he allowed him to maintain in the quiet of his sanctum the battle under the more elegant form of amicable and scholarly controversy. Both these methods are good in their way, but Dr. Spalding's may seem to some to be just now the better part. So we advise our readers to seize upon some of the weapons from his intellectual armory.

MANUAL OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY. Compiled for the use of the order in the diocese of Louisville, and adapted to general use. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1875. Received through the Philadelphia Catholic Publication Society.

This is a compilation of excellent devotional exercises, and bears the *imprimative* of the Bishop of Louisville. It, however, presents no new devotional features differing to any extent from former editions.

REPARATION, AND OTHER TALES; TRONVAILLE, AND OTHER TALES:

Are the titles of two attractive little volumes of juvenile tales received from Messrs. Kelly, Piet & Co, 174 and 176 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

THE LIFE OF ST. CATHARINE DE RICCI DE FLORENCE, a glorious saint of the order of Saint Dominick, who flourished from the years 1522 to 1590, has been written by Father Bayonne in French, and will be read with interest by all who love to peruse works of ascetic devotion, or to ponder on the great deeds done by the favored servants of God.

DR. JOSEPH HERGENROTHER, Professor of Canon Law and Ecclesiastical History at the University of Wurzburg, has written eighteen essays on "the Catholic Church and the Christian State, in their historical development, and in relation to the questions of the present day." Dr. Hergenrother is the intellectual head of Catholic Germany, and his work is most able. It will be translated into English.

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